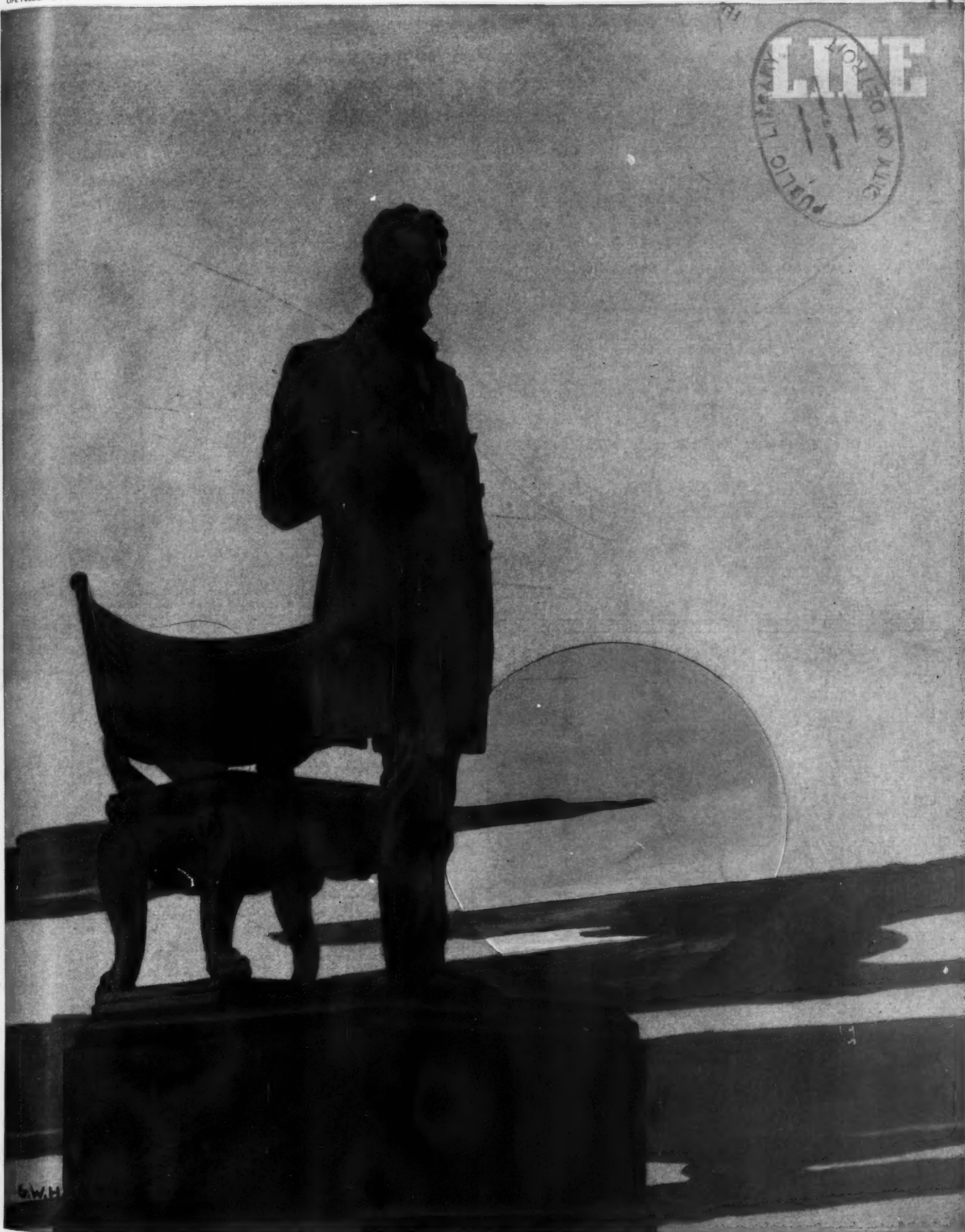


01617

MS
PRICE, 10 CENTS
FEBRUARY 3, 1911



"925 FINE"
1000

There is a standard of fineness in
shoes just as there is in silver and gold.

THOMAS CORT
INC.

put into the making of boots for men
and women all the care and quality
which would entitle them to the use
of the sterling mark.

These boots are of custom quality
and correctness in every particular—
made by custom workmen—over lasts
evolved by life-long experience in the
making of shoes to individual measure.


No other shoes like them or similar
to them are offered ready for wear.

They fetch from 8 to 15 dollars at
retail. Let us tell you where they
may be had.

THOMAS CORT, INC.
NEWARK, N. J.


CORT SHOES MAY BE HAD IN PARIS FROM
J. B. LOUIS BOULADOU, 39 RUE DE CHAILLOT

No. 4711 WHITE ROSE
Glycerine Soap



The Secret of a Healthy and Beautiful Skin
A perfect complexion is assured to all who use this Soap. Its
transparency is a sign of its purity.

FERD. MÜLHENS, Cologne o/R, Germany
MÜLHENS & KROPPF, 298 Broadway, New York
Send 15 cents in stamps for a full size sample cake



MELLOWED BY
GREAT AGE

**USHER'S
WHISKY**

ANDREW USHER & CO.
DISTILLED SCOTCH WHISKY
EDINBURGH

**A WHISKY THAT
WILL AGREE WITH YOU**

THE STANDARD PAPER FOR BUSINESS STATIONERY—"LOOK FOR THE WATER-MARK"

THERE are certain Great
Names in the manufacturing
world that stand for Genuineness
and for Sincerity. The best
people, socially and financially,
use the goods on which these
names are stamped.

Old Hampshire Bond

for your letterhead, puts you in
the right company.

Let us send you the OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND Book of Specimens. It contains suggestive specimens of letterheads and other business forms, printed, lithographed and engraved on the white and fourteen colors of OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND. Write for it on your present letterhead.

Hampshire Paper Company
The only paper makers in the world making bond paper exclusively
South Hadley Falls, Massachusetts



MADE "A LITTLE BETTER THAN SEEMS NECESSARY"—"LOOK FOR THE WATER-MARK"



Manner and Matter

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

By just what analogy you may find out for yourself, "Rhymed Reviews" in LIFE of this date suggests an incident in the life of the Rev. Addison Alexander.

At a meeting of the alumni of Princeton in the late '50s—or a few years before the "unpleasantness between the States"—at dinner a discussion arose as to whether manner or matter had most to do with eliciting applause from an audience. The Rev. Addison Alexander championed "manner," his brother James as earnestly "matter."

Tests were suggested and the Rev. Addison produced the inclosed poem which he had himself written, and reading it with all the accessories of voice and gesture at his command it was received with enthusiastic applause.

When the applause and compliments with which he was showered had subsided he asked his brother to read the same lines, when their meaninglessness for the first time was apparent to all present.

"Manner" had a "walk-over."

LEXINGTON, KY.

Here are the verses read by the Rev. Alexander:

"How evanescent and marine
Are thy chaotic uplands seen,
Oh! ever sublapsarian moon!
A thousand caravans of light
Are not so spherically bright
Or ventilated half so soon.

"Methought I stood upon a cone
Of solid allopahic stone,
And gazed athwart the breezy skies,
When lo! from yonder planisphere
A vapid atrabilious tear
Was shed by pantomimic eyes.



JOHN DAVEY
The Father of
Tree Surgery

Tree Troubles Are Serious

Because they threaten the lives of the trees, so vital to men's welfare. No tree can overcome a serious wound or disease unless it has assistance. Nature will do what she can, but she must have help or the tree will decay and die before its appointed time.

Work With Nature and Help the Troubled Trees!

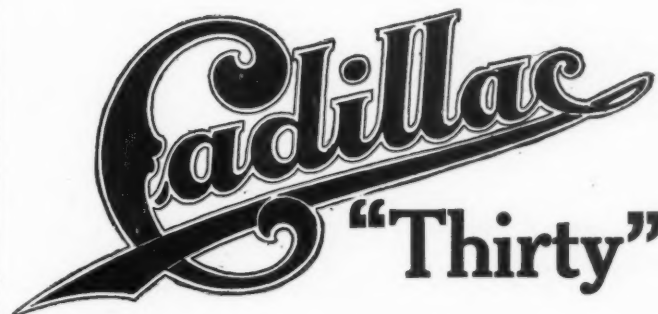
Give them a fair show—a square deal; they deserve it. Let their defects and injuries have scientific attention. If there are weak places in a tree, strengthen them; if it is diseased, treat with the same care you would bestow on a sick animal.

The Davey Experts Know the Trees—

Know what to do in every case of tree trouble. They are trained as surgeons are trained, under the direction of John Davey, the great friend and brother of the trees. Write for copy of book "Our Wounded Friends, The Trees,"—free to all tree-owners—giving full particulars of their work.

THE DAVEY TREE EXPERT COMPANY
332 Sycamore Street, KENT, OHIO

1/1000 of An Inch is the Standard of Measurement in the



It may surprise you to know that even the costliest cars fall short of that fineness of measurement in component parts upon which the operation and the life of a motor car are wholly dependent.

What is the peculiar quality in any motor car for which you pay \$5,000 or \$6,000?

It is not reputation—no matter how fine that reputation may be; because no reputation could be worth \$2,000 or \$3,000 to each purchaser.

It is not mere external elegance.

It is a definite, concrete excellence; for which the maker is justified, in a sense, in charging.

You pay \$5,000 or \$6,000 for running qualities—and an element of longevity which no car of lesser price, save the Cadillac, will give.

Those running qualities and that longevity are in turn directly dependent upon the accuracy with which more than 100 essential parts are made and the perfect alignment resulting therefrom.

Your \$5,000 car (or your Cadillac) runs more smoothly and lasts longer, because of the time, the care, the money and the expert workmanship expended in eliminating friction by producing between those hundred or more vital parts a fineness of fit which no eye can measure and no words describe.

And this leads to a disclosure of the utmost concern to every automobile owner.

In the production of more than ten thousand Cadillac "Thirtys" in the past fifteen months it has been demonstrated beyond peradventure that in this element of synchronization, harmony, and elimination of friction, the Cadillac standard has not been attained by any other plant or any other car.

Thus, the one element which justifies a \$5,000 or \$6,000 price is present to a higher degree in the Cadillac than in any other car in the world.

In the Cadillac there are 112 parts which are accurate to the one-thousandth of an inch.

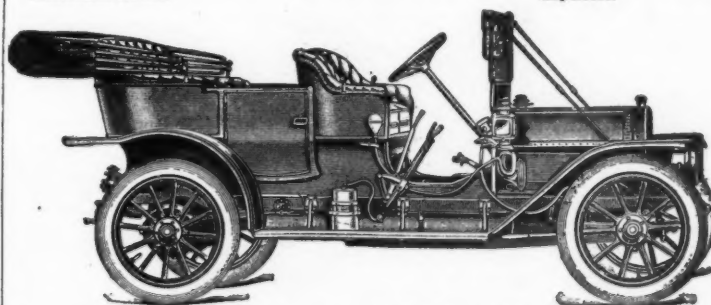
Thus—as a single illustration—the Cadillac "Thirty" piston is made to work perfectly within the cylinder bore which is 4 1/4 inches. To gauge the accuracy of the piston diameter, two snap gauges are used. These snap gauges are shaped similar to the letter "U." The distance across the opening of one snap gauge is 4.248 (four inches and 248 one-thousandths of an inch) and is marked "Go." The other is 4.247 (one one-thousandth of an inch less) and is marked "Not Go."

The "4.248 Go" gauge must slip over the lower end of the piston, but the "4.247 Not Go" gauge must not. If the piston is so large that the "Go" gauge will not slip over it, the piston is ground down until it does. If the piston is small enough to permit the "Not Go" gauge to slip over, it is discarded as imperfect.

Crank shafts, cylinders, pistons, gears—scores of essential Cadillac "Thirty" parts are rigidly subjected to the scrupulous test of 1-1000 of an inch accuracy.

Not \$5,000 or \$6,000 can buy you the magnificent assurance of smooth velvety operation and long life obtained in every Cadillac "Thirty" at \$1,600.

The great Cadillac factory in Detroit is always open to visitors; and it would be a pleasure to us to offer you verification of the interesting information contained herein by a trip through the plant at any time that you may be in this city.



Four cylinder; 30 horse power; three speed sliding gear transmission, shaft drive,

\$1600

(F.O.B. Detroit) Including the following equipment: Magneto, Delco system four unit coil with controlling relay and dry batteries, one pair gas lamps and generator, one pair side oil lamps, one tail lamp, horn, set of tools, pump and tire repair kit, robe rail, tire irons.

Furnished as Touring Car, Demi-Tonneau or Gentleman's Roadster.

Cadillac Motor Car Company, :: Detroit, Mich.

Member Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers. Licensed under Selden Patent.

"'Adieu Miasma!' cries a voice
In which Aleppo might rejoice,
So perifocal were its tones,
'Adieu Miasma!' Think of me
Over the antinomian sea
That covers my pellucid bones.

"Again, again, my barque is tossed
Upon the raging holocaust
Of that acidulated sea
Of diapasos pouring down
And lunarcaustic joined to drown
My transcendental epopee."

No News In This

LIFE:

Respectfully submitted: Your attempts at being serious are about as stupid as your trials at being jocose. This apropos your little squib entitled, "More Testimony," on page 88, January 13. Ignorance, you may have heard, is worse than stupidity. For your information, which you may easily verify, let me state that a cure was discovered at the Rockefeller Institute by Dr. Flex.

(Continued on page 189)



Valentine Number

Next Week



The price of this number is only 10 cents. It is almost double the size of what Life was a year or so ago.



Life's Motor Boat Number

Is coming. Don't be worried. We have reached the point now where we are disappointed even to think that there will be any motor boat pictures in it at all. We maintain, indeed, that a Motor Boat number would be a poor number if it had any other motor boat pictures in it than just the ones that we shall place in this number. It's really a wonderful number. We haven't made it up yet, and we don't know what's going into it but—it's a wonderful number. We speak with perfect certainty. And for this reason: the number that springs into beautiful being at the last moment is always an inspiration, and we have a feeling about this number. It has caused us so much worry for weeks now, that it simply must repay everybody for the anxiety by being unusually brilliant.

That Improper Number is Coming, Madam

Full of the most terrible things. Don't be disappointed because you have been scanning the horizon for it so long. Remember that virtue has its own reward. When it does come, it will make you sit up and take notice. Don't be afraid that we haven't the courage to publish it. We are not so selfish as to keep a good thing like that to ourselves.

Expect it in three weeks.



The Telegram Contest

is still going on and getting more intense all the time, judging by the replies received. Send in your answer at once, so we won't have all the work to do at the last moment. This contest runs until March. The announcement of the winner will be made soon after the close.

Great Easter Number
—Fifteen Cents—Coming
March 3.

Au Revoir

Subscription, \$5.

Canadian, \$5.52.

Foreign, \$6.04.



From Our Readers

(Continued from page 187)

ner for cerebro-spinal meningitis. Before this was discovered the mortality of that fearful disease was about 80 per cent. It has now been reduced by the timely use of the serum to between 15 and 20 per cent. Monkeys were used in its discovery. You use the word "useless" cruelties! If they were cruel were they useless? Who says they were cruel? Floor-scrubbers only, according to the *Herald*. That is a joke fit for your paper! Would you take the testimony of the floor-scrubber in one of our hospital operating rooms as of any value? You may not know, *LIFE*, that all the animals at Rockefeller Institute are etherized before being operated on. Any fool (but *LIFE* and the *Herald*) would know by exercising ordinary, every day common sense (a valuable asset even for a periodical) that one could not operate to any purpose on an animal, tie him ever so firmly, without etherizing him first, because of his struggles.

I dare you to print this letter.

C. A. McWILLIAMS.

UNIVERSITY CLUB,

January 11, 1910.

Concerning Ferrer

GENTLEMEN:

I am so much pleased with the fearless manner in which you have treated the murder of Ferrer, in Spain, by the Catholic Church, that I am inclosing a dollar for a three months' subscription. Yours is the first account which I have seen that dares to give the real facts, and am glad that chance brought your publication to my attention.

I am sure there are many who must think as I do in the matter, and feel



How Hicks Moves Evergreens

One year, roots are pruned—next year moved with dirt clamped solidly about them. They grow. Order a carload now. We will plant them if you want us to.

These prices for delivery within 100 miles of New York

Height	Spread	Each	Approx. No.
10 ft.	7 ft.	\$16.00	per Car
12 ft.	9 ft.	22.00	30 trees
15 ft.	12 ft.	40.00	25 "
Single Trees	10 ft. high	\$21.00 each	15 "
Grated	12 ft. high	30.00	
	15 ft. high	50.00	

Send for catalog of other trees

Isaac Hicks & Son
Westbury, Long Island



Catalogue Q will be sent on request All That The Name Implies
THE PEERLESS MOTOR CAR CO.
2449 EAST 93RD ST., CLEVELAND, O.
MEMBER ASSOCIATION OF LICENSED AUTOMOBILE MANUFACTURERS
LICENSED UNDER SELDEN PATENT

glad that one paper, at least, is not afraid to publish the truth.

Keep up the good work.

Yours respectfully,

R. C. REED.

BOSTON, January 1, 1910.

Illinois Is Impatient

EDITOR "IMPROPER NUMBER" OF *LIFE*:

Care (Probably ere now in custody of A. Comstock).

New York City.

Dear Sir:—The following resolution appears on the minutes of a special meeting of the "Spice of Life Society":

"WHEREAS, It appears impossible to coax, bribe, bluff, or shame the editor of *LIFE* into releasing his death grip on the Improper Number; and

"WHEREAS, The suspending of said number has been and is, to our positive knowledge, interfering with the normal activity of many otherwise resolute citizens in making New Year's pledges, has prevented (through fear of missing it en route) numerous 'co-eds' from spending their Xmas holiday vacation at home, is causing nervousness in the

(Continued on page 190)

· LIFE ·



MEZGER Automatic WINDSHIELD

No Dust No Goggles
No Wind No Rattle
No Delay No Repairs

The window of your car—up or down in a jiffy—solid comfort whatever season you ride. Keeps off the cold wind in winter and shields you from discomfort in summer. Always ready, always works—no set-screws to tinker with—nothing to get out of order.

Made in three Types, at your dealers'—Spring Type, Spring Type with Friction Attachment, Friction Type.

Up or Down with One Hand
without stopping the car.



Prices \$25 to \$37.50, according to Type and Size. We fill mail orders only when you mention your dealer's name, so that we can adjust the matter through him.

Send for Booklet

C A MEZGER DEPT UNITED MANUFACTURERS Broadway and 76th Street New York

From Our Readers

(Continued from page 189)

dry goods trade, and is especially contrary to the widespread 'uplift' movement by exposing to the danger of corruption the unquestionably virtuous editorial staff of LIFE;

"Resolved, That a committee including at least one surgeon, one dentist and one masseur be named which shall wait upon said editor, administer 'stovaine,' and remove, extract or amputate (as circumstances may suggest) this now famous classic of Improprity by force and as painlessly as this victim of hookworm Cookitis deserves. Disposition of the entire edition to be passed upon later."

This for your (unofficial) information.

[Still] Anticipating yours,

C. C. COUGHLIN,

Associate Member.

DANVILLE, ILL., January 10, 1910.

Coming February 24

DEAR LIFE:

On the strength of your promise of an improper number I subscribed to LIFE six months ago. That announcement, I know, has doubled your circulation. If it doesn't come soon I want my money back.

E. R.

DENVER, COLO., January 7, 1909.

That One Exception

DEAR LIFE:

The Riddle of the Sphinx, "Who struck Billy Patterson?" Frank Stock-

12 TOURS TO EUROPE

Leave in April, May, June, July and August.
All parts of Europe, including Oberammergau.

DE POTTER TOURS, (31st year), 32 Broadway, New York.

MISS CUE A Lasting Success

Our new book about Miss Cue, containing six beautiful illustrations of Miss Cue at billiards and pool, will be sent free, postpaid, to anyone interested in Billiards.

Miss Cue is shown making shots which have never before been attempted by any billiard player, and the series of pictures is interesting and unique.

Just ask for Booklet.

William A. Spinks & Company
362 West Erie Street CHICAGO

Manufacturers of Spinks' Billiard Chalk and
"The only manufacturers of cue tips in America."



SOUTHERN PACIFIC

New York

New Orleans

AN OCEAN VOYAGE IN HOME WATERS

\$35.00 One Way

\$60.00 Round Trip

\$63.00 One Way by Rail

Luxuriously Appointed Steamships.

Delightful Trip the Year Round

INTERESTING LITERATURE YOURS FOR THE ASKING

L. H. NUTTING, General Passenger Agent

366-1158-1 Broadway, New York



HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS

Bear the script name of
Stewart Hartshorn on label.
Get "Improved," no tacks required.

Wood Rollers

Tin Rollers

ton's problem of the "Lady or the Tiger," and your own "What Does this Telegram Say?" are all infant school problems when compared with the one you have let loose on page No. 87 of current issue. Why could you not have said: "_____ with one exception is the only free and independent journal in America?" We could have all guessed the exception then and would have had the Heavenly Twins tagged. Please christen the other child at once and relieve a strained situation in the press galleries. The doings and sayings of our elder and younger "confidence men" on the floor of both chambers will have to wait upon the settlement of this question.

Yours truly,

CHARLES W. ERVIN.

Letter From a Friend to the Editor

Thank you for the calendar; the missus thinks life is not worth living without its calendar; and this is a serious honor in New England—it has superseded the Farmer's Almanac and Ayer's Sarsaparilla calendar in our mansion.

A Happy New Year: may you turn over as many new leaves as the babes in the woods.

Yours,

Now Is the Time to Subscribe

LIFE is, with one exception, the only free and independent journal in America.—LIFE (New York).

It is worthy of remark that New Jersey produces both of these journals, for the editor of LIFE dwells in Montclair, and The News is printed in Newark.—Newark Evening News.

Winter Tours to the American Mediterranean

Circle tours from and back
to your home city by water
and rail via New York City

Let us plan your trip via

**Atlantic, Gulf & West Indies
Steamship Lines**

Florida, Carolinas, Georgia, San Domingo via CLYDE LINE; Texas, California, Pacific Coast points; Florida—West Coast, Mobile and New Orleans via MALLORY LINE; Porto Rico, cruises to and around the Island via PORTO RICO LINE; Nassau-Cuba-Mexico-Yucatan, with rail connections for interior cities, direct service via WARD LINE

**Attractive Winter Rates
Liberal Stop-Over Privileges**

Address District Offices
192 Washington St., Boston;
203 South Clark St., Chicago;
629 Chestnut St., Philadelphia;
290 Broadway New York.



The Patient Man

Mr. Henpeck had hesitated a long while about doing this bold thing, but he felt that now was the time or never. "Dear," he said in a very timid voice, "I wish you wouldn't call me 'Leo' any more."

"Why not?" demanded his wife explosively. "Leo is your given name."

"I know, my dear, but it makes my friends laugh when you call me that. I was thinking you might call me 'Job,' just for a pet name."—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

All Kinds

"It takes all kinds of people to make a world," said the ready-made philosopher.

"Certainly," answered the plain person, "look at explorers. Some of them excel with mathematical instruments and some with typewriters and picture machines."—*Washington Star.*

Here is the Evidence—Read It

Then judge for yourself whether or not
your car shall this year be equipped with

"Firestone"

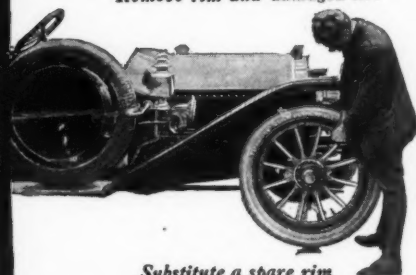
TIRES and DEMOUNTABLE RIMS



Jack up wheel and
unlock rim with damaged tire—



Remove rim and damaged tire—



Substitute a spare rim
with already inflated tires—



And resume your
journey without loss of time, annoy-
ing exertion or even tire-pumping.

At the International and the National Automobile Shows recently held in New York, the record of tire and rim equipment on all exhibit-cars combined showed the following overwhelming preference.

More Firestone Tires than any other.

More Firestone Demountable Rims than any other.

More car manufacturers showed Firestone Demountable Rims than all competing makes combined.

These tires and rims that last year so conclusively outclassed all others, have thus been emphatically endorsed by the Motor Car Industry of America as the most thoroughly practical equipment of the year.

In selecting *your own* tires and demountable rims can you afford to use equipment less emphatically endorsed?

Our new Tire Equipment Book gives you full information. You should have it. Send for it now.

FIRESTONE TIRE & RUBBER CO. Dept. B

"America's Largest
Exclusive Tire Makers"

AKRON, O.

DIRECT FACTORY BRANCHES: Boston, Mass., 145 Columbus Ave.; Chicago, Ill., 1442 Michigan Ave.; Cleveland, Ohio, 1918-22 Euclid Ave.; Detroit, Mich., 240-2 Jefferson Ave.; Los Angeles, Cal., 957 South Main St.; New York City, 233 W. 58th St.; Philadelphia, Pa., 256 North Broad St.; Pittsburgh, Pa., 5904 Penn Avenue; St. Louis, Mo., cor. 23rd and Olive Streets; Seattle, Wash., 918 East Pike Street. Agencies almost everywhere else.

The Earmarks of Truth

DR. T. C. MINOR, a well-known scholar of Cincinnati, expresses clearly defined opinions on the Pasteur Institute:

Lutaud and other investigators have shown not only the great danger, but the futility of this alleged cure for canine madness. Can one single authenticated cure made by the use of Pasteur serum be adduced? For a number of years we closely followed this particular subject, together with Lutaud, Boucher and numerous other close observers, and we could only reach this one conclusion: That Pasteur in-

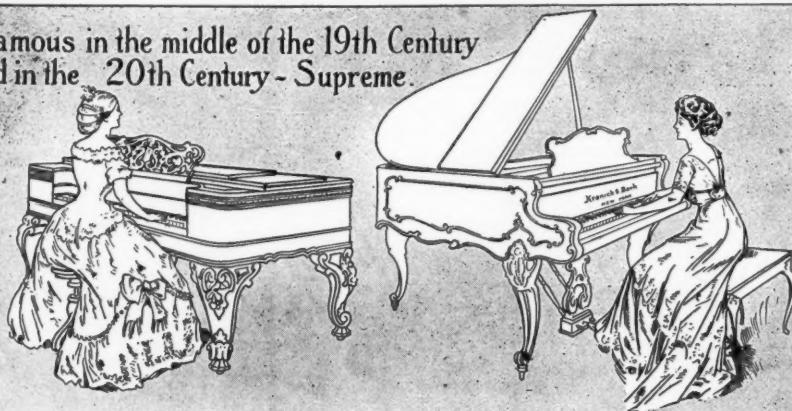
stitutes were centers of pure medical fakerism. The records show that many persons bitten by animals and given injections of Pasteur serum fell victims to the infective virus, and developed hydrophobia in some well-authenticated instances where the dog was found to be not even mad, but alive and well. There is far more safety in that humbug, the madstone, owned by some old woman in the next county. At this day it seems astonishing that any American hospital should employ one of the most exploited and least ethical of French sensational fads. If some one will give us one or two well-authenticated cases of hydrophobia cured by the Pasteur treatment we shall be truly apologetic.

**BREWERY
BOTTLING
OF
EVANS'
ALE**
BEARS THE
**Red and Black
Label**



Look for it and you will be sure
of getting Ale in perfection.
Leading Dealers and Places
C. H. EVANS & SONS, Hudson, N. Y.

Famous in the middle of the 19th Century
and in the 20th Century - Supreme.



KRANICH & BACH PIANOS

"The Supreme Achievement of Piano Craft"

THE KRANICH & BACH Piano may justly be termed one of the Institutional Products of America. A half century ago the founders of the Kranich & Bach house were inspired by a lofty ideal—to make the best piano that human hands could fashion.

THROUGHOUT almost four decades of the last century and the opening decade of the present, all the thought, effort, capital and experience of the original founders and their direct family successors have been steadfastly consecrated to that intense purpose.

THE ONLY GRAND PIANO in the world capable of equal tone gradation from softest pianissimo to heaviest fortissimo is the Kranich & Bach fitted with the celebrated "Isotonic" pedal, and the only Upright in the world containing the marvelous "Violyn" plate is the Kranich & Bach.

Sold on terms that conform to the personal requirements of any reasonable customer.



two interesting little books describing the greatest improvement in piano construction—they will be sent free with our handsome 1910 catalogue.

KRANICH & BACH, 233-45 E. 23d St., NEW YORK

From The Blue Grass Country

IT is truly astonishing the quality of thoroughbreds that come from Kentucky. What with Henry Watterson, the old-fashioned courage, the girls, the horses and the blue grass and the Elixir of Life, one never knows when to stop his shouting.

There is the breath of life in Kentucky.

Our opinion of Colonel Watterson is best expressed by what the Colonel says of us:

Like good wine, LIFE grows better as it grows older, immeasurably the most perfect publication of the kind in Christendom. One need not always agree with its satires and sophistries to read it with pleasure and to admire it hugely.—*Courier-Journal*.

No words could better describe the Colonel than "grows better as he grows older." And he surely is "the most perfect publication of his kind in Christendom."

MATTHEWS CRAFT

**MOTOR YACHTS
and RUNABOUTS
PORT CLINTON, OHIO, U. S. A.**

City Bred Boys

PRESIDENT FINLEY, of the College of the City of New York, says the country-bred boy is having his innings in this generation, but in the next generation it will be the city boy who will do the big things. City problems are to be the great problems of the future, he says, and city boys will solve them.

Dr. Finley is a country-bred boy from Illinois, in charge of a big, free college for city boys. When he says the city boy is the coming winner, he talks with commendable fidelity to his job.

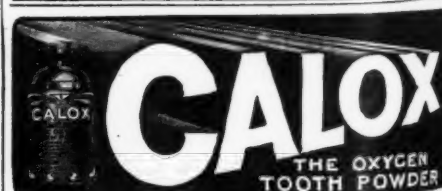
The city boy is a highly stimulated product. The great danger is that the stimulation will begin too soon and conflict with development. The hardest things to provide for him are clean, fresh air and play space. The country is ideal if the mind can be kept actively alive there. The city is admirable if it does not stunt the body's growth and restrict contemplation. Dr. Finley may be right, but the combination of the country for childhood and the city for manhood has worked well heretofore and we do not expect to see it beaten.

Another Discovery

The *Proceedings of the Society for Experimental Biology and Medicine*, vol. xi, April 21, 1909, p. 111, contains an article by H. C. Thacker, M. D., in which the following account of some experiments on rabbits, cats and dogs, appear:

"If a small balloon be introduced into the right auricle or ventricle [of the heart], its inflation interferes with the action of the heart and renders the heart insufficient to perform its normal work."

Wonderful! as who should tell us if you open your watch and scatter a pinch of sand amongst its works, the watch will stop because the sand amongst the wheels renders the mainspring insufficient for the movements. And this is biology!—*Zoophilist*.



Depends for its virtues not upon strong oils, carbolic or other irritating disinfectants, but upon the presence of Oxygen (peroxide)—Nature's purifier.

Ask your Dentist—he knows
OF ALL DRUGGISTS, 25 CENTS

Sample and Booklet free on request.

McKESSON & ROBBINS - NEW YORK

LIFE



GAMES OF CHILDHOOD

"MY MOTHER TOLD ME TO TAKE *that one*"

The Pinch o' 'T

WHO may there be who has forgot
To sympathize with poor Pinchot?

Or who has not mused on the woe
That suddenly assailed Pinchot?

Or who'd say: "I don't care a straw
Because they fired out that Pinchot?"

Again we ask you calmly: "Who
Does not feel sorry for Pinchot?"

Or are there those who even now
Would not commiserate Pinchot?

As for the rest, we'll let this clinch it:
"Have you no sigh to heave for
Pinchot?"

An Acrostic

Tinkering terrible tariffs.
Advertising Aldrich's advice.
Fashioning fantastic phrases.
Talking trifling trumpery.

NATURE abhors vaccination.

Important

IT gives LIFE great pleasure to announce that its plans for the coming year provide very little space for the following subjects:

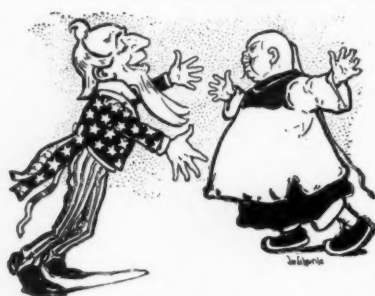
Polar explorations.
Hunting in Africa.
Intelligence of women.
Psychical research.
Wealth fads.
Is immortality a fact?
Merits of Joe Cannon.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LV. FEBRUARY 3, 1910 No. 1423

Published by
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't. A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.
17 West Thirty-first Street, New York.



NO very penetrating enthusiasm has yet transpired in foreign countries over Secretary Knox's plan for the neutralization of the Manchurian railroads. Rus-

sia and Japan are politely hostile to it, preferring, doubtless, to control the roads themselves, and hopeful of being able to share this natural prey without coming immediately to blows. Elsewhere the plan has not got beyond the phase of newspaper discussion, but English papers, so far as heard from, do not take a hopeful view of Mr. Knox's intentions. Austrian papers, too, think the plan will fall through, and so, apparently, do most of the European oracles, but China welcomes Mr. Knox's thought, and wants to see it come true, and calls our Uncle Sam her best and dearest friend.

For our part we are ready to be pleased with anything Mr. Knox can do to please China, and bind her to this land with ties of affection. We could have gone farther than he would go, in at least one particular, for we would have been glad to see Mr. Crane go to China, to personify and put into practice those liberal intentions that Mr. Taft once put into speech on Chinese soil. We are for the open door in China, and for China for the Chinese with all the assistance toward civilization and development that the Western nations duly restrained by decency and one another can give her. And we are for the open door here, not to an army of

Chinese laborers, handy as they would be, but to all Chinese who can learn civilization from us or teach it to us. And especially the latter. For, while we seem competent enough to teach the Chinese a lot of things, including how to fight, railroad-building, mining, steel-making, religion and the Western learning generally, there are at this time a number of things in which we might possibly pattern after them with profit.



SOMEHOW or other the Chinese have managed to work along as a people for a thousand years. It begins to be suitable for us to inquire how they did it. At present prices for food and necessities, and present prospect of steady increase in the cost of such things, it does not look as though our people could go on very much longer. At date of this writing the papers report that two millions of us have banded together to go without meat, in the hope of bringing the price down to a point where they can afford to buy it. Going without meat must be a commonplace to the greater part of the population of China. We have laughed at them for eating dogs and rats, but, anyhow, a large proportion of their enormous population has subsisted. Every one knows that a Chinaman can live on a few cents a day—a little rice and tea. Maybe we can learn from them how to beat the meat trust.

And for a generation or so they have had lady-government. We are threatened with it, and that prospect looks ominous to some of our people, but, faulty as it has been in China where the ladies seem to us less advanced in many particulars than our ladies, the Chinese have got along with it somehow, and made considerable improvement of late in the direction of liberal ideas.

We have many troubles from which the Chinese have managed to keep clear. They have no football, no horse-races, no Congress—so far as we know—few trusts, few automobiles, telephones, stenographers, and yet there they are, swarms of them. We do not want, exactly, to be like them; but we want to live, on what

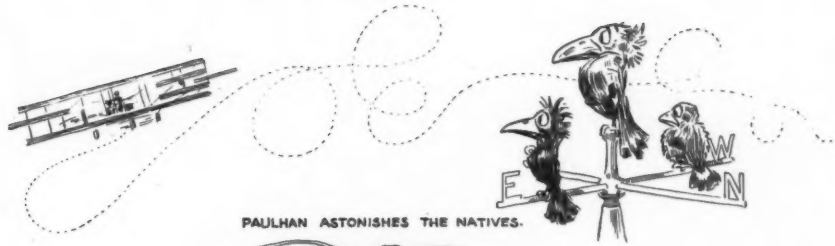
we can get, and in that they are fit to be our teachers, for they do live in great numbers.

After all, the question of subsistence is the one to which all the other questions take off their hats, and they are all standing bareheaded before it at this moment. Why are prices so high? They are high all over Christendom. The consumers seem to have the start of the producers. The cost of keeping an automobile seems to have been added somewhere to everything we buy, but it couldn't have been done unless the demand had somehow outrun the supply. Our middlemen may be taking more than their services are worth, but they could hardly do that all over the world.



WE guess it must be that too much capital and labor is being diverted to unproductive work. The great wholesale, widespread instance of that is the armies and navies of the world. It must be that one reason we pay famine prices for everything is that the nations of the earth are practically at war, in that they are spending far more than they can afford, both in men and money, on armies and navies. Besides that the world has, possibly, come to be too stylish, and to live more luxuriously than it can afford. The huge outlay for automobiles is only partially productive; the Panama Canal is unproductive for the time being; the money our people spend in Europe having fun and eating in hotels involves, economically, a good deal of wasted time, and is, economically, unproductive, though it may be worth to us all it costs.

It seems to cost a little more to live just now than it is worth. The price of living is too high. If any one can think of a way to sell it short it would be a good speculation to do so. For our part we are disposed to live on a while yet—expensive as the experiment will be—and see what turns up. Something always does turn up, and meanwhile we do not hear of much distress in this country except to people's feelings. They don't like to pay out so much, but, so far, they can.



PAULHAN ASTONISHES THE NATIVES.

PAVLOVA



"WOODMAN SPARE THAT TREE."

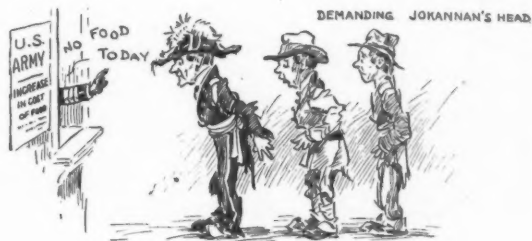


KING EDWARD ABOLISHES KNEE BREECHES.

BERNHARDT GOES INTO VAUDEVILLE



THE KAISER ADVOCATES GRACE IN DANCING.



DEMANDING JOKANNAN'S HEAD

EVERYTHING UP BUT THE SOLDIERS PAY.

A Calendar from Life

NOW, what is here? A sheaf of dainty sketches,
With merry, kindly words in prose or rhyme,
To mark the cloud-and-rainbow road that stretches
Before the flying feet of Father Time.

A chart to show our earth that all her stages
Around the golden firmament are rife
With crystal mirth, like these delightful pages—
In short, a joyous Calendar from "Life."

So, thus I own the gift and thank the sender,
And bless the hands that wrought this work of cheer,—
These leaves, like leaves of autumn, gay and tender—
Twelve petals of that Rose of Time, a Year.

Arthur Guiterman.

Loud Calls for Mr. Root

IT is a pleasure for LIFE to join the neighbors in seconding the invitation of the *World* to Senator Root to discuss before the New York Legislature the objections of Governor Hughes to the constitutional amendment permitting a Federal income tax.

Governor Harmon, of Ohio, favors the amendment as it stands. He says that

Governor Hughes' fears are groundless because the "recognized comity between the Federal Government and the States would prevent any encroachment on the States' revenues." That sounds reassuring, and Governor Harmon is a lawyer in good standing.

But what does Mr. Root think about it? We would like to hear from Mr. Root.

Retribution

The theatre beautiful, commonly called the Colonial, and formerly known as the Iroquois, appears to rest under a pall of ill luck.

Trouble seems to brew in that house as easily as disease in a sewer.

Above the ornate portal are the sinister figures 1903, which added together, make the fatal thirteen.

Since that dreadful day, six years ago Thursday, when 600 people met a fearful fate in that playhouse, ill-luck has dogged the footsteps of nearly every one concerned with it. To be sure, the people have crowded to that house, and money has flowed into the coffers, but that money, so far as can be ascertained, has not brought its recipients peace or quiet, happiness or prosperity.

Bickerings and trouble, dissensions and heartaches, disaster and evil, have been present nearly all the time. At present the clouds hang heavily over the place.—*Chicago Show World*.

IT was the burning of the Iroquois—now called the Colonial, and to the shame of Chicago still used as a theatre—which was the primary cause of Messrs. Klaw & Erlanger's libel suit against LIFE.



"HELLO! I'M GAINING IN WEIGHT. THAT DOCTOR WAS RIGHT WHEN HE SAID THAT IRON WOULD BE GOOD FOR ME."



"LOTTIE, WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF YOU WOKE UP SOME NIGHT AND FOUND A BURGLAR IN YOUR ROOM?"

"IF HE WAS HUNTING FOR MONEY I'D GET UP AND HELP HIM HUNT."

Tribute to a Vivisector

BY Dr. Walter R. Hadwen, the well-known English physician:

The third point is concerned with Dr. Crile's veracity upon the same subject. We are not concerned with his veracity, but with his credulity. For instance, Dr. Crile, apparently, believes firmly that he deserves the thanks of the world for his revolting experiments connected with surgical shock; I am simply amazed at his credulity in supposing that anybody with an ounce of scientific knowledge pays any attention to all the nonsense he has written upon the subject. He has not added one strap of solid knowledge to the store we were already in possession of, derived from legitimate clinical experience.

Habits

IT is under discussion by persons who think with temporary despondency of President Taft, which is harder to cure, the drink habit or the habit of thinking like a judge. The judge habit seems to get hold of the tissues of the brain and of course it is no play-time job to eradicate it.

Still, we do not despair of Mr. Taft. He is committed for three more years and is undergoing a lot of treatment.



PATHS OF GLORY

Popular Birthdays

VICTOR HERBERT
Born February 1, 1859

This gentleman has been so long and so favorably known to the American public as a composer of light opera in the very first rank, that he needs no extended encomium. We might say, however, that to this general fame there is added on our part the recollection of a very pleasant personality—a simple and boyish attitude rarely absent from the genuinely great. To have added to the pleasure of mankind in the harmonious manner that he has done it, is a real achievement.

We hope, sir, to hear you many times again, and to enjoy your work increasingly. In the meantime we acknowledge your worth and your gifts, and wish you many happy returns of the day.



JUDSON HARMON
One-time U. S. Attorney General
Born February 3, 1846

As a launcher of an individual, personal, Presidential boom, sir, you have not been a success; but as a lawyer and a gentleman and one whom his countrymen love to honor, you are all that can be desired.

We esteem you for your many high and enduring qualities and we give you greeting.



JOHN MITCHELL
Born February 4, 1870

When any man rises above his environment, and then devotes the rest of his life to the betterment of that environment, he is to be accounted above the common. Mr. Mitchell is one of these.

He is an uncommon man, made great by his own sense of humanity and the simplicity of his character. He believes in helping others who cannot help themselves.

We have faith in you, John Mitchell. You have done good work.



FRANCIS WILSON
Born February 7, 1854

"We count our comic poets through centuries," says George Meredith, "in the singular number." Can the same thing be said of our comic actors?

Mr. Wilson, to emphasize yourself by a gentle whimsicality of deportment and a growing refinement, has been your peculiar talent. To create laughter is important, but it is not so important as to create an inward smile. We believe that you have done both. This, for you, is a much higher art than tragedy.

You began as one of the grave diggers in "Hamlet." You have ended as Francis Wilson. We congratulate you upon your rise. It has been deserved.



ROBERT BRUCE MANTELL
Born February 7, 1854

We confess to a sneaking admiration—nay, love—for the old and simpler form of the drama. We like the ruggedness of it, as distinct from the smart verbiage of much of the later forms. Shakespeare still interests us, and those old actors who stalked across the stage, inwrapped in a profound melancholy or depicting elemental passions, appeal to us still with an absorbing interest. Mr. Mantell has many a time inspired us with delightful emotions. We trust that he may long continue to do so.

You have an honorable place in your profession. We salute you, sir, as a very worthy actor.



The Admirable Dean Ames

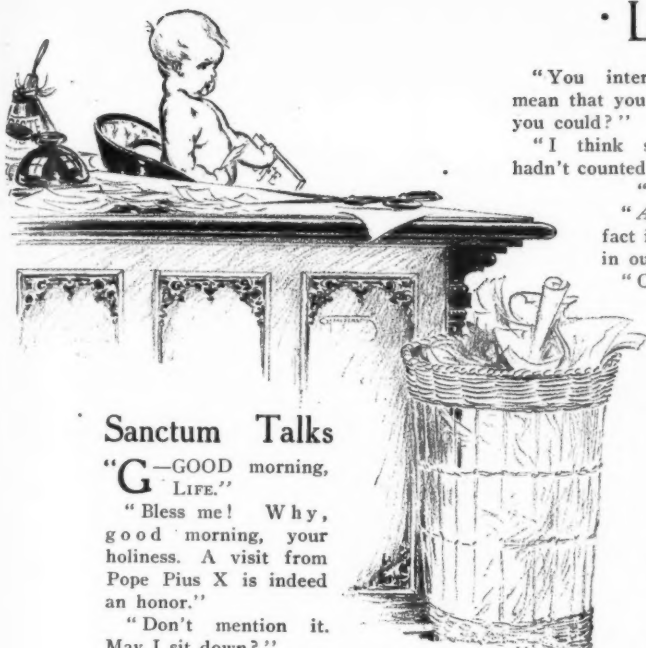
IT is told of the late James Barr Ames, of the Harvard Law School, that he could never delegate any duty, and probably never dictated a piece of writing. He did all his work himself—an immense deal of it—with his own hand and head, and usually went about on his own legs—often on a jog trot. Consequently all he did had quality—his quality. Not living much on the labor of others he never got rich, never tried to, never needed to. He was enormously valuable in the work to which he gave his life—a teacher who loved teaching, a mind saturated with the principles of law, one of the greatest trainers of lawyers that ever lived.

Put it down to the credit of athletics that he was captain of a very early Harvard baseball nine, but baseball was different then, and so were college athletics.

I WOULD rather be the flower of a day blooming on the grave of the past than the everlasting tombstone marking it.



Old Mrs. Firefly: THERE'LL SURELY HAVE TO BE SOMETHING DONE WITH THAT OLD CODGER OVER THERE. WHY, HE'S SO NEAR SIGHTED HE'S BEEN TRYING TO LIGHT HIS CIGAR WITH MY HUSBAND FOR THE LAST FIVE MINUTES.



Sanctum Talks

"G—GOOD morning, LIFE."

"Bless me! Why, good morning, your holiness. A visit from Pope Pius X is indeed an honor."

"Don't mention it. May I sit down?"

"By all means. Draw up a chair. Shall I shut the door?"

"If you will. You knew Ferrer, didn't you?"

"Ferrer? Oh, you mean the man who was killed in Spain. Yes, yes, I knew of him. I believe that he was not a Catholic."

"No—not quite. Now—no one can hear us?"

"I assure you you are quite safe."

"Well, then, between you and me, LIFE, we made a mistake."

"Impossible! Why, the Catholic Church never makes a mistake."

"Oh, don't we? Well, you don't know everything. Of course, I am speaking generally; that is, I—"

"You mean that the church and the Spanish government together made a mistake."

"Yes—all of us. You see, this rascal—"

"Excuse me, Pope, of whom are you speaking? You don't mean Ferrer the educator?"

"Yes. Suppose we call him rascal educator."

"Or rascal martyr. When you first spoke I thought you possibly meant some one else—Bruno, or Galileo, or some of those old fogies who lived long ago, and had paid for their folly with their lives. But now I understand you fully. You mean Ferrer, the man who died because he didn't agree with you and was foolish enough to think that he could say so with impunity."

"Yes. Well, as I was saying, we made a mistake."

"You interest me strangely. You mean that you would bring him back if you could?"

"I think so. You see, LIFE, we hadn't counted on certain things."

"Developments?"

"After developments. The fact is that Ferrer was a thorn in our side."

"Of course. Awfully unpleasant to have a man like that about constantly telling the truth."

"Very. Especially when the Catholic Church demands order."

"And discipline."

"And obedience to its doctrines."

"Oh, dear, yes. Purely tactical. You see, we wanted to get rid of him, and we took the Barcelona riots as an excuse."

"By the way, he wasn't in the riots on the day in question, was he, or connected with them in any way?"

"I really couldn't say. However, that is a detail. The main point—"

"I understand. The main point is that his trial was arranged so that it appeared as if he was doing something reprehensible."

"Exactly. But we hadn't counted on the fact that he was a friend of some of the ablest men in Europe, and that the world at large would take the matter up."

"I see. You thought it would be more or less local. You didn't count on the sense of injustice of the whole civ-

ilized world being stirred up. You thought Ferrer would be quietly disposed of and everything would go on as before."

"Exactly. It was perhaps natural. We were absorbed in the affair. We didn't know that any one else was looking on. But now—now we have got to prove that we were right."

"Dear me, how awkward! And Ferrer was really a gentle sort of person, wasn't he, not at all given to bloodshed?"

"Possibly. I—"

"That is unimportant. The main point is that Ferrer, having been duly shot, must be proved a villain."

"Which he wasn't at the trial; so you have had to complete the work afterwards."

"Exactly."

"That's why all the good Catholic papers have rallied around the standard, and proceeded to show that Ferrer said and did things that he didn't say and do, in order to convict him of being a blood-thirsty anarchist."

"Precisely."

"Whereas he was really a martyr to thought—to the courage of his own convictions. But, my dear Pope, I don't see where you have made your mistake. Aren't you accomplishing your result?"

"Ah, LIFE, there's the trouble. Apparently, yes. But it would seem on the face of it as if all the false things being printed against Ferrer would make him out as black as we want him—but, alas! such is the perversity of corruptible human nature in these degenerate days that, underneath the surface of things, it is perfectly apparent that all the people who really think understand



IF SHE HAD DRESSED LIKE THIS IN OLD PLYMOUTH THE RESULT WOULD HAVE BEEN DIFFERENT



THE MEDAL MANIA

THIS MEDAL WAS PRESENTED TO ME BY MYSELF
AS A SLIGHT TOKEN OF MY SELF-ESTEEM.

perfectly that Ferrer was murdered by Spain and the Catholic Church because he dared to oppose them. They don't believe what is being said about him."

"I see. His death is really only calling attention to your wonderful system of vilification and revenge; to the fact that all the cruelty and mental oppression of the middle ages are still with us."

"No, not quite, LIFE. That's where our mistake lies. We thought we could carry it off—but, somehow, we are not seeming to do it with all the *eclat* that we ought to."

"Never mind, my dear Pope. Don't worry yourself too much about it. Ferrer is bound to be forgotten in a few weeks. Even now no American newspaper thinks it worth while to refer to him. The affair will blow over. And you can profit by this mistake to be more careful next time."

"You mean—"

"You can get your man out of the way in some more adroit manner, so that you won't have so much awkward work afterwards. Cheer up!"

"Well, g—good morning, LIFE."

"Good morning. Always glad to see you."

An Opinion

THE following comes to us unsigned, but with the "compliments of a college girl."

January 8, 1910.

But—Woman's Suffrage would vastly increase the ignorant and the purchasable vote, and, in the mixed population of American cities, would prove the strongest enemy of civic reform.—LIFE.

You couldn't substantiate the above statement by *facts* gleaned in the four suffrage States. Civic reform will come *only* when the women get the vote.

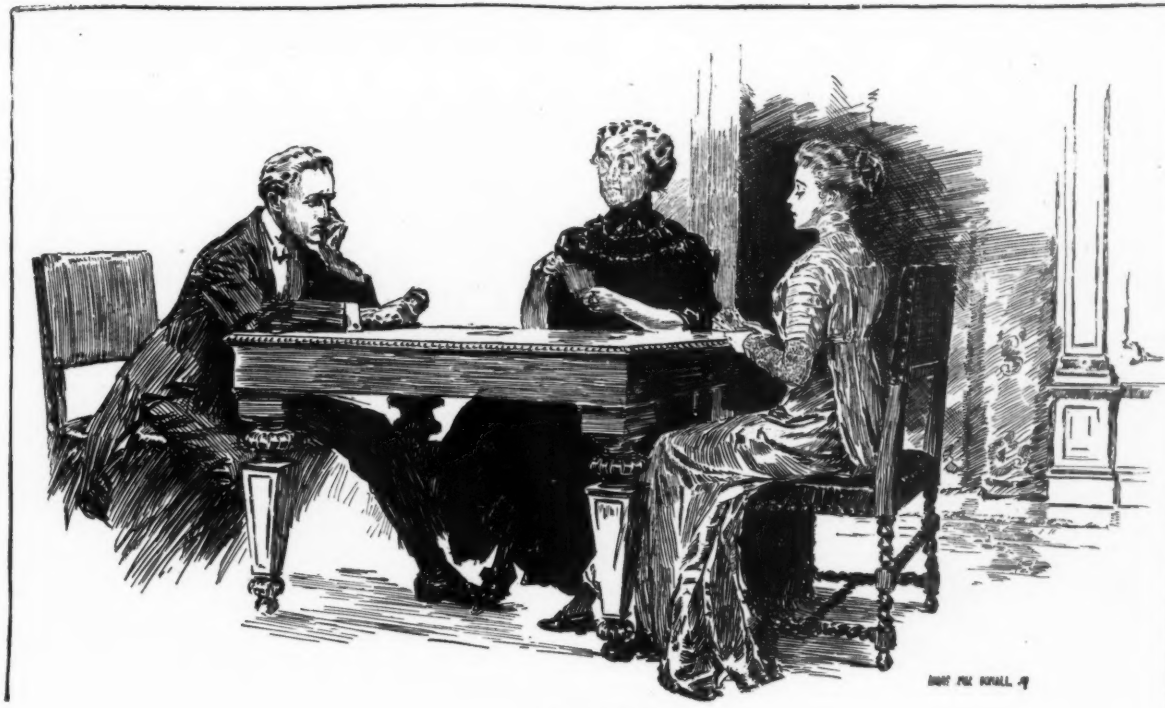
Every red-faced politician and saloon-keeper in the country is opposed to Woman Suffrage. A COLLEGE GIRL.

THE ultimate test of the real efficiency of a rich man is to be able to get his divorce without due publicity and attendant scandal, except in those few cases where they rather enjoy the new sensation of notoriety, a phase which is really pathological.

AT the great judgment day when Gabriel blows his trumpet, the Lord will divide the real pole discoverers from the spurious ones and we shall all finish our destiny in happiness.



DOES MISERY ALWAYS LOVE COMPANY?



SHORT CIRCUIT

Success To It

AT the recent annual meeting of the A. S. P. C. A. a life member offered a resolution to this effect:

Resolved, That John H. Iselin, Jefferson Seligman, and Lorillard Spencer, Jr., constitute a committee to report, with all convenient speed, to the board of this society as to the advisability of securing a legislative act providing:

1. That the Governor appoint an unpaid continuing commission to consist of, say, seven members, of whom three shall be nominated by the State (or some other) medical association, three nominated by the A. S. P. C. A., and one nominated by majority vote of the other six.
2. That no vivisection shall be practiced within the State except on premises designated by the commission.
3. That no vivisection shall be practiced within the State for the purpose of demonstrating facts already known, unless all animals used therefor be rendered and kept completely unconscious of pain during the entire demonstration and then immediately and painlessly put to death, and unless also reasonable free public access be given to all such demonstrations.
4. That no vivisection for any purpose shall be practiced within the State except under such expert inspection as the commission shall prescribe.
5. That violation of the new act shall constitute a felony.
6. That the new act shall take effect July 1, 1910, and remain operative, any provisions of pre-existing law to the contrary notwithstanding.

The best wishes of the best people of this community are with it.

CONTRIBUTED

How much vivisection is practiced without due "authority," and how much needless cruelty results, no one knows; but everybody does know that the existing law on the subject is not enforced, and cannot be enforced so long as every student of the healing arts—from the eminent private investigator down to the first-year medical school boy—is able to do what he likes, where he likes, behind locked doors.

The resolution recently adopted by the A. S. P. A. seems aimed at securing legislation having a double purpose: First, to facilitate the enforcement of law by limiting the right of vivisection to definitely designated places; and, second, to distinguish between vivisection practiced solely for the purpose of research and vivisection practiced for the purpose of demonstrating facts already known. In the former case none but expert control is suggested, or would prove effective; in the latter case the best and most reasonable safeguards against wantonness are publicity and anesthesia. Such control and safeguards would in fact prove less of an obstacle than is the present law to legitimate work, and would thus tend to hasten rather than to retard the advance

of beneficent science. No one can pretend that any legislation would suit all concerned.



Wife: AH, LATE AGAIN!

Newly Arrived Hubby: THIS IS INDEED HELL.



OFFICIAL WASHINGTON IN 1912
FANCY DRESS BALL AT THE BEAR EMBASSY

Defending Dr. Cook.

THE turpitudinosity, if any, of Dr. Cook, does not lie in the fact that he made money out of the North Pole business, but rather that he did not make more. It was not that he deceived us, but rather that he deceived us in a way to which we were unused.

But, let's see. What did he do? He merely gave out a tip concerning North Pole Common. We bought largely of the stock which he desired to unload. Then we found that the stock was worthless. Nothing new about that. Let's not get excited over this matter. We have stood much worse without a whimper. This advice is intended chiefly for the *New York Times*, which does not seem to understand the situation. In a recent animadversion upon Dr. Cook's career in high finance, the *Times* saw fit to print the following:

"There has been a certain likeness in all these episodes—in each there was the desire to make money, combined with the yearning for personal glory, and in each there appeared the same unscrupulousness as to the means used in attaining them. Always, too, there was the same inability to foresee exposure—or the same indifference to it."

Exactly. But since when did not such qualities, far from being incriminating, lead to places of honor in the community? "Now," continues the *Times*, "whether this be madness or a mere lack of moral and intellectual honesty, is a matter of definition. In ordinary life such men are not called insane." No, indeed, they are not. They are called successful, self-

made men, and held up as shining examples to oncoming generations.

Cook's worst mistake was in not sitting tight. Had he had the stamina of Patten, the Wheat King, he might by this time be endowing churches. But for an arctic explorer, he seems to have got cold feet altogether too quickly.

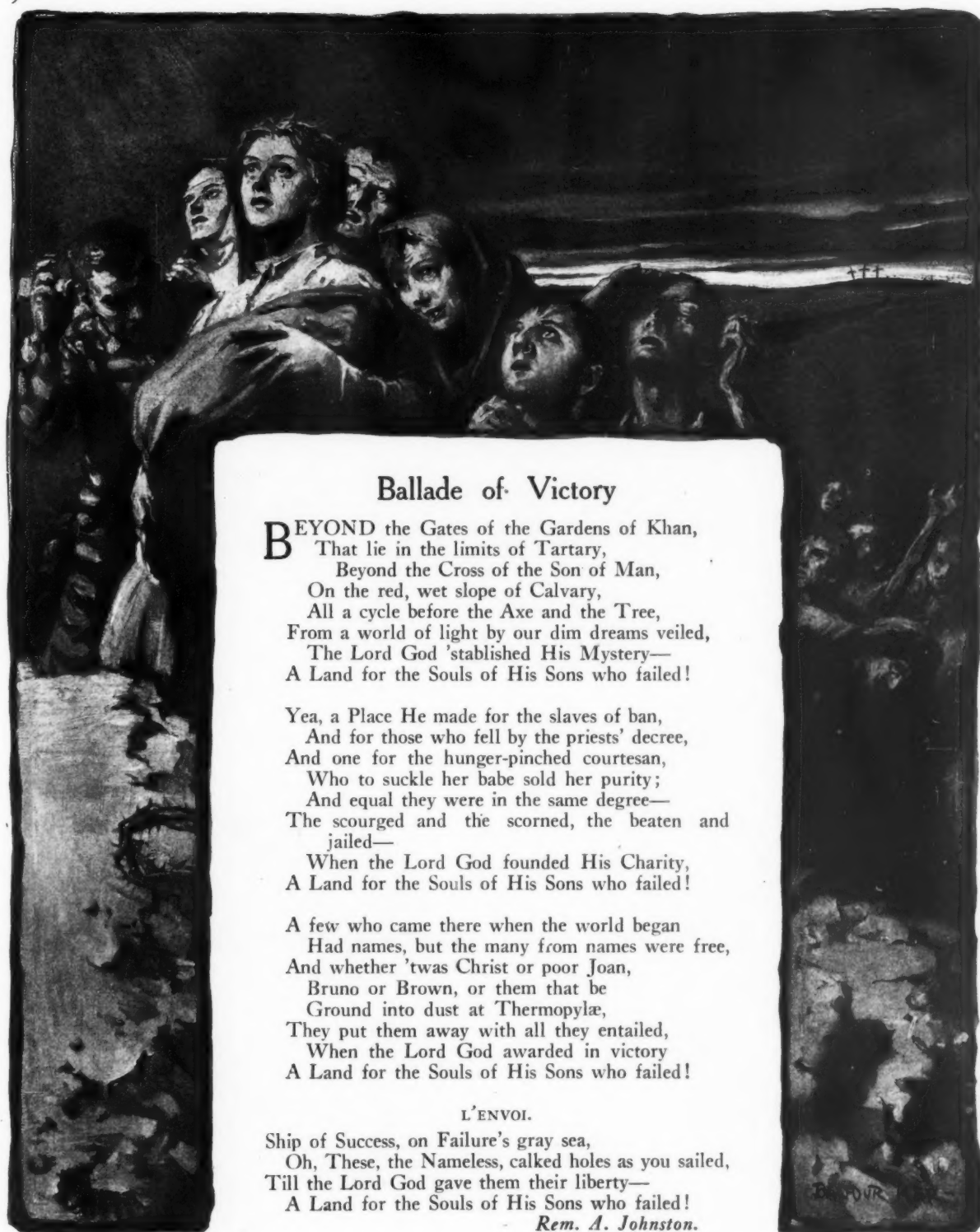
Ellis O. Jones.

Leaves It to Her Judgment

"AM I the first girl you ever kissed?" asks the fair young thing from the refuge of his shoulder.

"Well," he replies, "after the way my arm just naturally slipped around your waist as you unconsciously leaned toward me, and my fingers tilted your chin as you unconsciously lifted your head, and I bent forward where your lips were waiting, and didn't get the kiss either on your nose or your chin, but where it belonged—after all that, and with the knowledge of the subject which you have displayed, I shall say nothing, except that I leave the question to your own judgment."

LIFE is, with one exception, the only free and independent journal in America. It is not controlled by trust, creed, advertiser, political party, millionaire or anybody or anything except its own conscience.



Ballade of Victory

BEYOND the Gates of the Gardens of Khan,
That lie in the limits of Tartary,
Beyond the Cross of the Son of Man,
On the red, wet slope of Calvary,
All a cycle before the Axe and the Tree,
From a world of light by our dim dreams veiled,
The Lord God 'stablished His Mystery—
A Land for the Souls of His Sons who failed!

Yea, a Place He made for the slaves of ban,
And for those who fell by the priests' decree,
And one for the hunger-pinched courtesan,
Who to suckle her babe sold her purity;
And equal they were in the same degree—
The scourged and the scorned, the beaten and
jailed—

When the Lord God founded His Charity,
A Land for the Souls of His Sons who failed!

A few who came there when the world began
Had names, but the many from names were free,
And whether 'twas Christ or poor Joan,
Bruno or Brown, or them that be
Ground into dust at Thermopylæ,
They put them away with all they entailed,
When the Lord God awarded in victory
A Land for the Souls of His Sons who failed!

L'ENVOI.

Ship of Success, on Failure's gray sea,
Oh, These, the Nameless, calked holes as you sailed,
Till the Lord God gave them their liberty—
A Land for the Souls of His Sons who failed!

Rem. A. Johnston.



From States Prison to a New Messiah



THE most stirring and interesting of the plays surviving from the crop of the week closing January twenty-fourth is "Alias Jimmy Valentine," the melodrama evolved from one of O. Henry's short stories by Mr. Paul Armstrong. A pretty fair test of a play of this sort is its ability to hold the attention. The author does this absorbingly, permitting his audience to get away from him rarely, and then only for brief intervals. There's no denying that criminals interests us all, some of us from one point of view, others from another. The fight between the criminal and the rest of mankind has been going on since the world began, and we are all engaged by participation or self-interest on one side or the other. *Jimmy Valentine* and his pals in this play are bound to interest those who are curious about the methods of thief, those who study reform, those who care for the chase and those who like to be mystified. This covers a fairly large constituency for a play to draw from.

Mr. H. B. Warner in the title part makes his first appearance as a star in New York. He is first seen in convict stripes, alert but apprehensive and uncertain as to what is going to happen to him next. In this he has caught a certain indefinable something which is very true to the bearing of a certain type of convict. In the later acts he is a more conventional stage character, which is not saying that he is one often to be met in conventional life. The author has not hesitated about juggling with probability, and as the process makes plausible the leading character and some absorbing scenes it is not to be charged against him as a very grievous defect. Miss Laurette Taylor played the convict's redeeming young angel piquantly, and as the author gives no hint of her social position outside of the fact that she is rich, and a rich banker's daughter, she may be forgiven a certain "flipness" and lack of elegance. Other members of a rather large cast contribute meritorious bits here and there.



"LUCKY STAR" is the name of Mr. William Collier's new sketchy comedy, and it describes Mr. Collier himself in the fact that he possesses the personal ability to make an evening's laughable entertainment out of the thin dramatic material supplied to him. But he has the gift of easily making his audiences laugh, and once they come under his control his real work seems to be done—

after that his every word, gesture or movement starts a wave of merriment.

This time Mr. Collier takes us to Holland and his troubles concern themselves with a motor-boat trip through the canals of that canalized country and a subsidized chaperon whom he has to coach for every emergency as it arises. She turns out



The Little Fellow: SAY, MISTER, AREN'T WE RATHER HIGH?

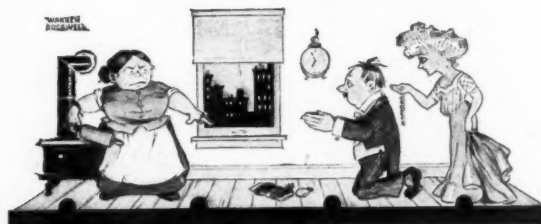
to be a young and pretty woman in elderly make-up, at no time unattractive as she is portrayed by Marjorie Wood. The piece is drawn from one of the Williamson stories by Anne Crawford Flexner, but as remarked before Mr. Collier himself is practically the whole show.



VERY absurd woman-hater is the hero of "The Inferior Sex," the farcical comedy in which Miss Maxine Elliott, crowded out of her own theatre, comes to Daly's. But who cares much about hero or play when this particular star's radiant personality is almost constantly in view? And it must be said that in the present case she did not rely entirely upon natural charms for her effects.

Miss Elliott really creates an atmosphere as the girl who is picked up far at sea by a yacht with cabin accommodations

Scrambled Dramas



"YOUR HUMBLE SERVANT" IN "THE CITY"



"IS MATRIMONY A FAILURE?" WITH "THE COMMANDING OFFICER"



only enough for its selfish bachelor owner. Here is the basis for a rattling good comedy of situations and dialogue, possibilities which its author, Mr. Frank Stayton, has realized only partly. The piece develops a good deal of fun, but some of its scenes are absolutely crude and makes one wonder how an author could manage to let such good chances escape him. Mr. Arthur Byron plays the hero on the whole acceptably, but without the lightness of touch which would have made him more plausible. Mr. O. B. Clarence makes an excellent farce valet, who encounters difficulties not often met by the valet in real life.

"The Inferior Sex" is a polite trifle, briefly amusing.



HERE may have been some definite, underlying idea in Mr. William Vaughn Moody's "The Faith Healer."

If so, the author obscured it mightily. Just as the audience was becoming convinced that the hero was another Christ—and what the dramatists are doing to Christ nowadays outdoes his Jewish contemporaries—in his powers to heal the sick and raise the dead, Mr. Moody shifts and shows that he is only another Dowie or Eddy working largely through auto-suggestion. Convinced of this we are again quickly shifted to the understanding that it is not entirely auto-suggestion, but an influence emanating from the hero himself and depending on the condition of his morals. Any one of these hypotheses might have been enough if it had been adhered to, but it looks

as though the author, when he found himself in dramatic difficulties, did not hesitate to sacrifice consistency to convenience. Any riddle is easy to make if you are satisfied with "the boy lied" as an answer, but that isn't exactly within the rules for play-making, especially when the play comes from an author who has led us to expect much in the way of scholarliness.



There's no denying that Mr. Moody writes musical English. In this instance one wearied a bit of the Methodistical tone and imagery, but the author's theme was taken from the Southern West, presumably in a rural district where that

was the prevalent religious atmosphere. There such a combination of bluntness and culture as is shown in farmer Matthew Beeler, student of materialistic philosophy, might be possible, but the drawing of the shameless doctor was so untrue that it makes us fear the other was equally a creation of Mr. Moody's apparently unreliable imagination.

To Mr. Henry Miller fell the task of making real the young man who thought he was the bearer of a divine commission as a miracle worker. Giving Mr. Miller credit for as good work here as he has ever done, except in some scenes of "The Great Divide," it remains that he does not seem equipped in person or temperament to portray a character of which the main essential is spirituality. Mr. Miller read the lines with agreeable diction, but his suggestion was of the earth earthy. Not all great inspirers of credulity have been of the ascetic type but for the ascetic quality they substituted either the magnetic or the controlling one, and Mr. Miller suggested no one of these.

"The Faith Healer" was neither doctrine nor drama, although it seemed to attempt to be both. If it was simply an effort to depict the strange religious movements that sometimes sweep over rural communities, it was to some extent successful, as the most realistic moment of the play was reached in the almost panic-stricken cry of the child who could not understand the change that had come over her home with the change to the new belief. But all in all the play had no appeal, least of any, to a New York audience. *Metcalf.*



Academy of Music—Mr. Chauncey Olcott in "Ragged Robin." Notice later.

Astor—"Seven Days." Compulsory laughter for three acts.

Belasco—"Just a Wife," by Mr. Eugene Walters. Notice later.

Bijou—"The Lottery Man." Farce of the funniest kind.

Broadway—"The Jolly Bachelors." Large company in fun and music.

Casino—"The Chocolate Soldier." Comic opera with charming score and book founded on Mr. Shaw's "Arms and the Man."

Comedy—"The Watcher." Notice later.

Criterion—Mr. Francis Wilson in his own very light comedy entitled "The Bachelor's Baby."

Daly's—Maxine Elliott in "The Inferior Sex." See above.

Empire—Ethel Barrymore in Pinero's "Mid-Channel." Notice later.

Garrick—Mr. Otis Skinner in "Your Humble Servant." Pleasant comedy agreeably acted.

Globe—"The Old Town." Musical farce with Mr. Fred Stone's acrobatic humor.

Hackett—Mr. John Mason in "None So Blind." Notice later.

Herald Square—"Old Dutch." Amusing musical farce with Mr. Lew Fields and Ada Lewis in the leading roles.

Hippodrome—Circus features, glittering ballet and tank spectacle.

Hudson—Mr. William Collier in "A Lucky Star." See above.

Lyceum—Miss Billie Burke in Mr. Maugham's "Mrs. Dot." Notice later.

Lyric—"The City." Tremendously moving and powerfully acted drama by Clyde Fitch.

Manhattan Opera House—Repertory of grand opera.

Maxine Elliott's—"The Passing of the Third Floor Back." Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's mystical and interesting drama faultlessly acted by Mr. Forbes-Robertson and London company.

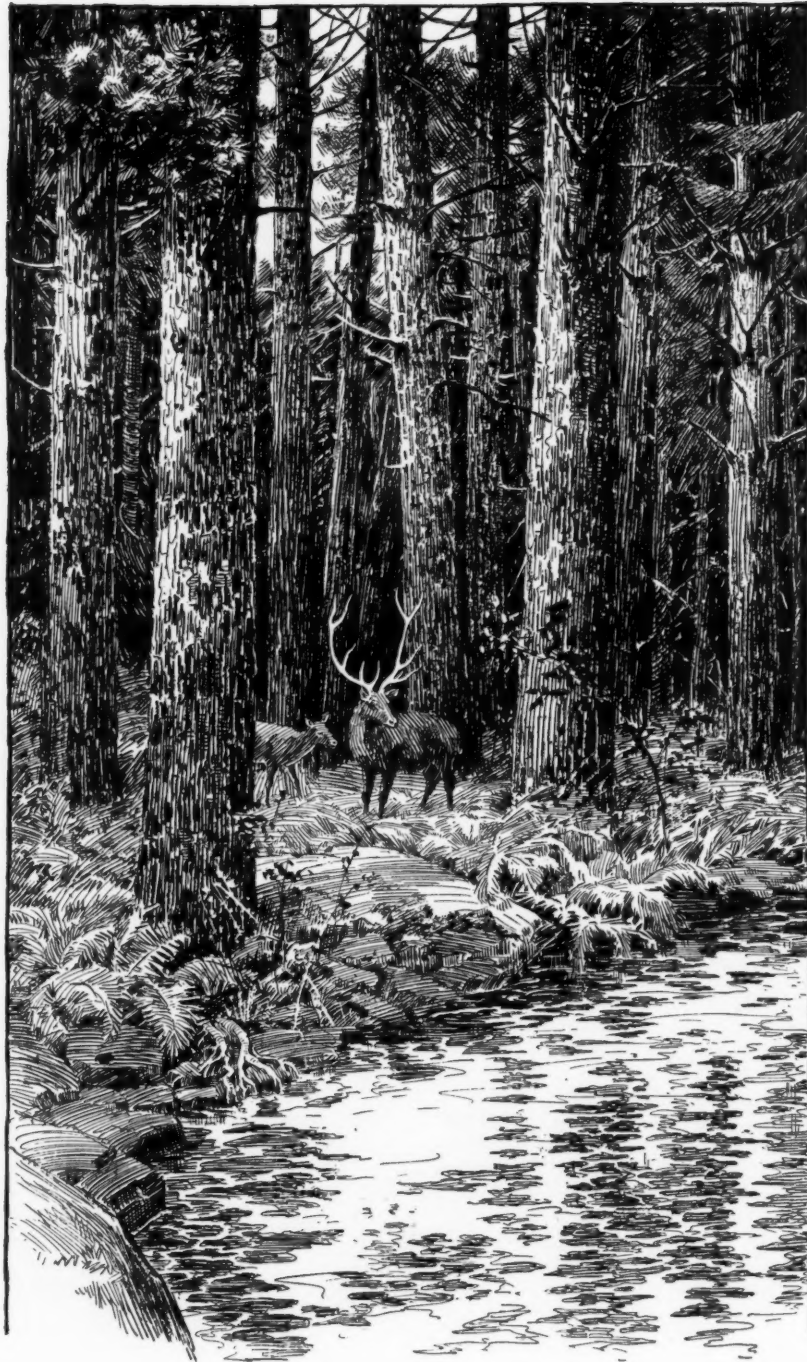
New Theatre—Repertory of dramas and minor opera. "Twelfth Night" the newest.

Plaza—Vaudeville.

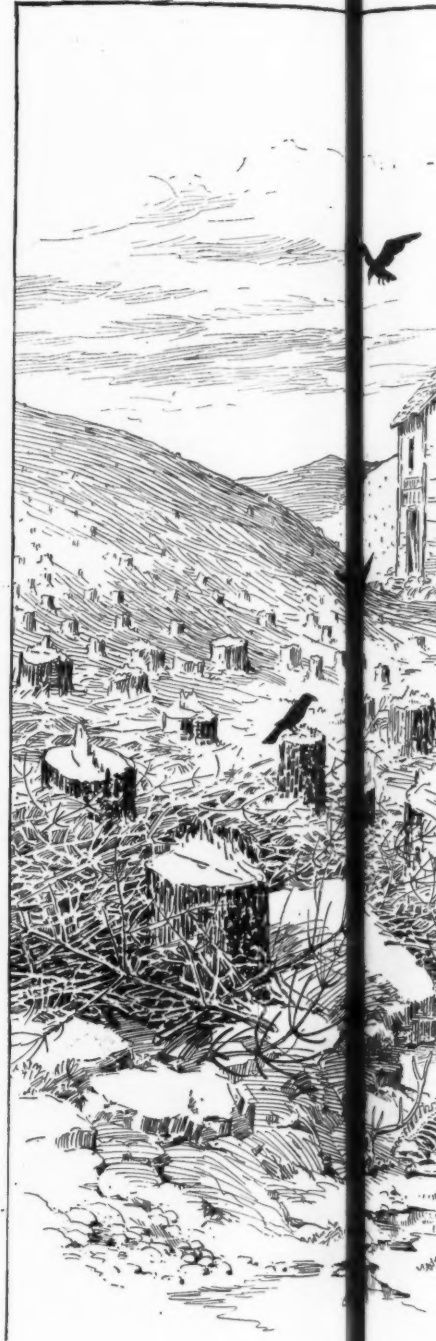
Savoy—Mr. Frank Keenan in "The Heights." Notice later.

Stuyvesant—"The Lily." The maiden lady dramatic in well staged drama from the French.

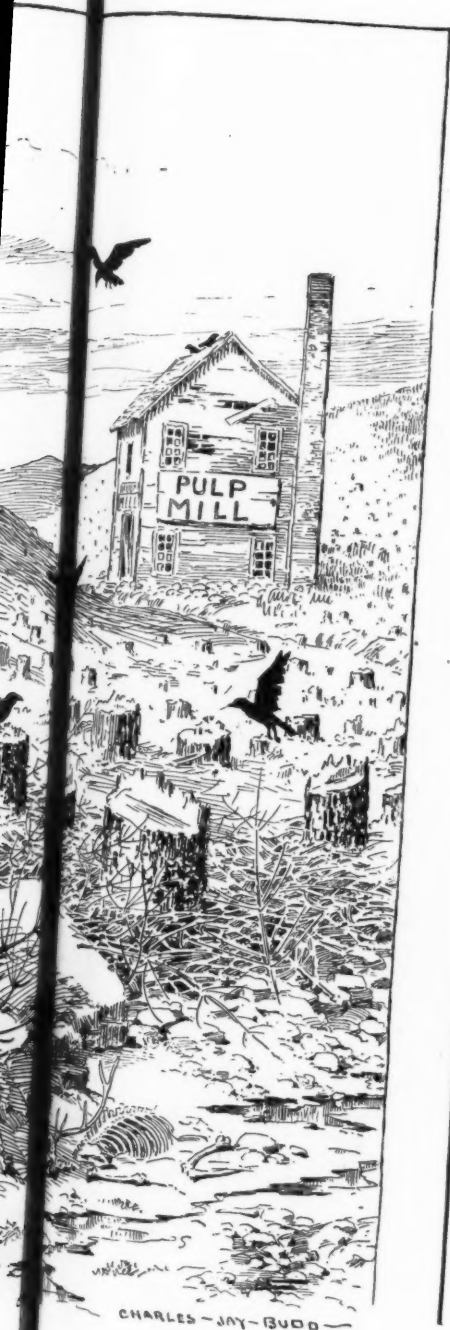
Wallack's—Mr. H. B. Warner in "Alias Jimmy Valentine." See above.



Is it Wise to Change This



In This



CHARLES JAY BUDD

TANTALIZING MYST

Who Is the "Fiancee" of This Victim of Two Angry Husbands? How Did She Happen to Be Living At the Same Address as That the Wife Most Immediately Invol? What Is the Secret of the T? Humiliated Victim's En-ergy in Prosecuting His Torturers? Will the Trial Bring Forward One of These Women as She Behind Whose Skirt Whole Mystery Now!

TAR FEATHERS

WHY GIRLS BLUSH

It's Because Nature's Beauty Tint Is Draten to the Cheeks by Sudden-ment and Now Science Is G to Extract This Rare Pig-ment to Make Rouge of It.

JUST WHY YOUR HEART DOES NOT PUMP PROPERLY

Perhaps It Is Indigestion, or Excessive Indulgence in Tobacco or Alcoholic Drinks, or One of Seven or Eight Forms of Heart Disease, or Premature Hardening of the Arteries—But Whatever the Cause, R Discoveries of Science Tell You What to Do About It.



JIM PILKINGTON'S BUTTERED COW NOT THE BUTTIN' KIND; NOTHING LIKE IT, SAYS VETERAN.

Animal Called by the President of U. A. A. O. Quite Hilarious and Much in Evidence of the Dean of American Interviewing Given an Interview—Thinks Greer the Best—After a Decade.



Do You Walk Like a Duck?

Or Do You Follow the New Theory of Going Back to Nature and Walk With Your Toes Straight in Front?



CAUGHT IN THE COGS OF FATE

How the Suicide of the Girl Who Loved Him and of Her Hopeless Admirer, Followed by a Remarkable Series of Business Losses and Law Suits, Threaten to End the Brilliant Career of a Rich Chicago Merchant, Sportsman and Balloonist Record-Breaker.



I Was Buried Alive Because I Needed the Money

Shocking Confession of Florence Gibson and the Public Spectacle at San-dusky, O. Wit-nessed by Thousands of Curious Persons, Who Went to See a Young Woman Buried Five Feet Under-ground and Eight Days Later Raised and Revived.



To Make This?

Fame

THEY have sung the fame of Croesus, Ivanhoe and Old
Rameses;
They have polished gem for poet, peasant, bart.;
They have told of gods infernal and of cherubim Supernal,
And of men of Science, Letters and of Art.
They have penned in lines poetic deaths of martyrs most
pathetic;
They have dedicated hymn to sage's bier,—
But no syllable's preserving fame of hero so deserving
As the man who kept a diary for a year.

L'ENVOI

Here's to you, man of daring, man of patience, burden-
bearing,—
To your memory we shed a silent tear,—
May your fame ne'er be diminished,—well done, thy work is
finished,—
You're the man who kept a diary for a year.

Louis Ephraim Boyer.

For Leopold's Repose

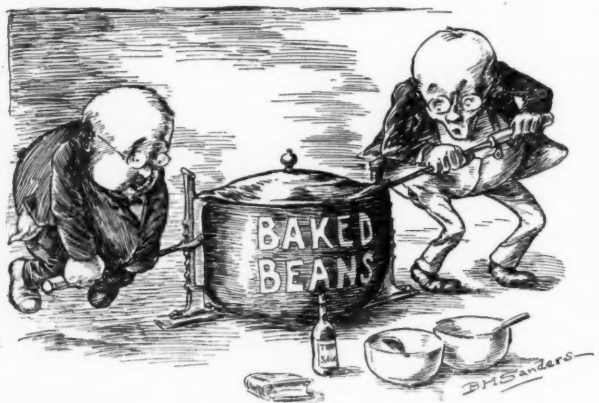
ROME, Jan. 17.—A requiem mass for the repose of the soul of the late King Leopold of Belgium was celebrated by Cardinal Van-
nutelli in the Sistine Chapel to-day. The Pope took part in the
services and pronounced absolution over the catafalque. All the
cardinals now in Rome and many diplomats were present. A Latin
funeral oration was read by Mgr. Augli.

WE have followed with interest, admiration and sympathy
the efforts of our Roman Catholic brethren to do what
was fair by the late King Leopold. He was a "good Cath-
olic" and a King. Also a very rich man. No doubt when
a King, and a very rich King, is a "good Catholic," it counts,
and what can be done should be done.

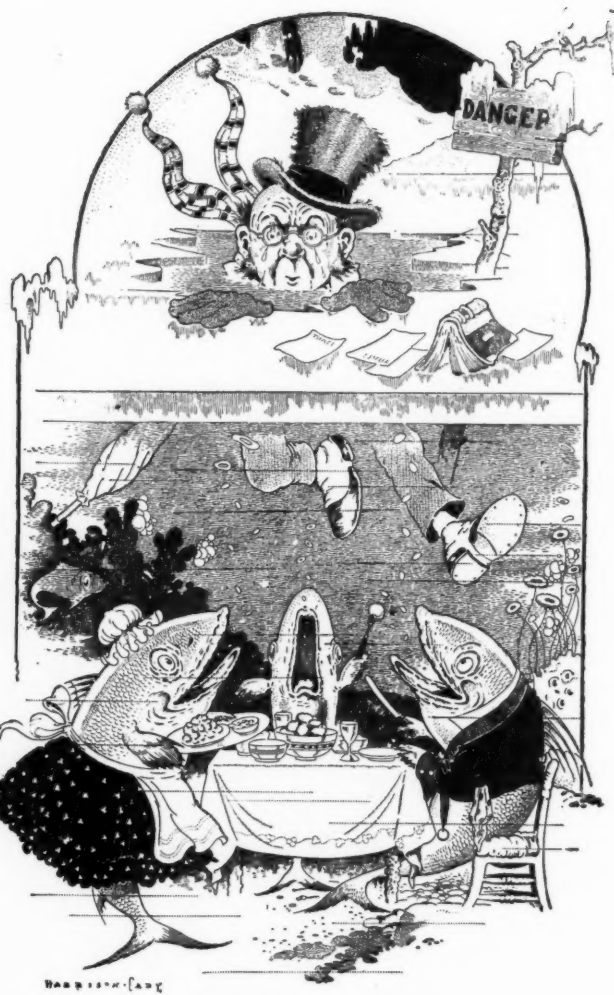
Our brethren got onto the job promptly, and have stayed
on it persistently and with superior energy and devotion.
Maybe they have gritted their teeth, but they have not showr
it. Half-measure would not have done in such a case. To
make Leopold comfortable was a feat that called for every
cylinder in the machine to be connected up with the driving-
shaft. Certainly the wheels have turned: we have admired
their revolutions.

Leopold was a very embarrassing man. And yet, since he
was a "good Catholic" what can be attempted in his behalf
is being tried.

We do admire our brethren's grit.



OPENING THE POT WITH A PAIR OF JACKS



"HURRY, MARIE, AND PUT ON ANOTHER PLATE; HERE'S A
PARSON DROPPING INTO DINNER."

Help for the Alaskans

WE are sorry for our friends in Alaska—railroad and
steamship friends especially—who need to use coal in
their business.

They are suffering. We understand that the enormous row
over the Alaska coal pile has scared everybody off of that
coal for the moment, and that coal on the Pacific Coast has
about doubled in price in consequence. It is of much im-
portance that the necessary laws should be passed to open up
that coal for use on just terms at the earliest moment con-
sistent with doing it right.

Remember the Alaskans!

THE game of love cannot be played with the cards on the
table.



TOO GOOD NATURED BY HALF

• Vaulting Ambitions

THE enterprising Gimbel Brothers are advertising "Gimbel Square" now in big electric letters.

Please, Mist'ers Gimbel, when you go to the Common Council to have that square renamed, do it considerately and right. Go first to the Legislature and ask to have Horace Greeley's name changed to Horace Gimbel. Then to the Council and ask to have the square renamed accordingly. If you do the thing that way, Uncle Horace's statue can stay in the inappropriate square without embarrassment.

Of course you may mean to call your shop "square," just as a building in Buffalo is named "Ellicott Square," without designs on pre-existing street names. So? Very well; very well. The last great advertiser who undertook to make over New York was Doctor Dowie.

Revolutions

REVOLUTIONS are merely occasions when people find it impossible to continue certain institutions. They are a kind of national bankruptcy process where men settle up without settling up.

They are usually more popular with people who are uneasy than with people who are easy.

Inasmuch, therefore, as people who are uneasy are seldom respectable, revolutions are not respectable until a sufficient time has elapsed for the heirs of the uneasy to become easy upon the new basis. Hence, the Daughters of the Revolution, who pay more attention to the past than to the future.

Ellis O. Jones.

Shakespeare Up to Date

IT'S up to Hamlet to go way back: they're all "Melancholy Danes" just now.



THE SUFFRAGETTE WAVE REACHES A RURAL DISTRICT

The LATEST BOOKS



ONCE owned a dog who, if one looked at him and said "Impecunious Polyglot!" would put his tail between his legs and dumbly plead guilty to the unpardonable sin. I discovered the fact by accident and never arrived at a satisfactory explanation of it. The spell did not reside in the tone of voice, for he would bear up cheerfully under the most sepulchrally spoken and deserved indictments. It seemed to lie in the words themselves. Even when spoken coaxingly and with a question mark affixed to them they seemed to render him uneasy. They appeared to induce in him a conviction of unworthiness. And recently I have noticed that the word "symbolism" seems to have an analogous effect upon many humans. No matter how casually one uses it in ordinary company there is sure to be some one present who straightway looks as though he were the only man at a women's luncheon or had been caught in church with his hat on. And yet, as like as not, he has in his pocket at the moment a copper cent minted in the same year as himself, and on his desk at home sits a pet Billiken, smiling at the bill-file. But he calls these "mascots." Well, symbolism in its cruder forms is only mascot-ry in art—a pocket piece of realism orienting a poet's dream, or a rough presentment of the ideal bearing witness to the good intentions of sordid prose.

HIS last is the part played in Hermann Sudermann's terrible and yet wonderful novel, *The Song of Songs*, by the roll of manuscript music after which the book is named. Kilian Czepanek, a German composer and orchestra leader, has in his youth begun the score of an oratorio, but has never completed it. Forced into an early marriage, gradually broken on the wheel of his own weakness, the manuscript has come to be the outward sign of his lost greatness and the visible promise of his rehabilitation. And when the story opens with his final abandonment of his wife and child and his disappearance from their lives and from our ken, the score of *The Song of Songs* remains as his daughter's sole inheritance and from being her one treasured possession comes to stand as the symbol of her better self. She is an utterly guileless and utterly invertebrate idealist who floats helplessly

on the surface of life and whose occasional futile struggles but serve to hasten her submergence. The book is the story of her youth, and a more deliberate and repellant picture of the abyss was never penned. Yet it is saved—miraculously saved one had almost said—from being a degrading panorama of degradation by the appealing presence, the silent symbolism, of that disintegrating roll of unplayed music. And when the final curtain falls it leaves us silent, with bowed heads, conscious of our own frailty, unwilling to cast the first stone, which is doubtless a highly immoral frame of mind. However, the book is not only intended for the sole perusal of the mature, but solely for the enlightenment of those unpuritanical observers of humanity to whom a comprehension of the souls of sinners does not imply the compounding of an infamy.



R. HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL, in *The Paladin*, offers to the curious but romantic children in the literary nursery a much more seemly and comfortable tale of a temporary descent into Avernus; a tale that only glances sidewise at sin and has no traffic whatever with symbolism. Indeed, remembering Mr. Vachell's orderly but serious studies of boy life and man strife in *The Hill* and in *Brothers*, one rather marvels to find him casting back with such apparent relish to the careful compromise between the traditions of romance and the demands of realism that passed for daring in the 1870's of blessed memory. Yet *The Paladin* is none the less a "good story," as the terms goes. There is a pleasant irony in the author's unheroic presentation of the familiar hero and Esther (we draw a veil over her reappearance from the invisible depths of poverty, assuring us with solemn eyes that "the worst has not happened") really meets some human beings on the way down and back. The book is an entertaining excursion into the past.

IN another sense Mr. George Randolph Chester's *The Cash Intrigue* is an excursion into the future. That is to say that the action of the—let us put it mildly—the cataclysm, takes place some thirteen years hence. It starts as a bear raid on the Exchange, spreads into a cross between panic and pandemonium, expands into revolution, and ends with the Emperor of America stabbed to death in the money vaults of the King of the Bread Trust by the hand of a brunette beauty whom he has scorned. And yet one hears people say that American literature lacks finish!

J. B. Kerfoot.

The Song of Songs, by Hermann Sudermann. B. W. Huebsch.

\$1.40.

The Paladin, by Horace Annesley Vachell. Dodd, Mead & Co.

\$1.50.

The Money Intrigue, by George Randolph Chester. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$1.50.



NOBILITY OF THE FUTURE
"SOME OF YOUR ANCESTORS, MY DEAR"

When Grandma Fell in the Well

A National Affair

BY THOMAS L. MASSON

LITTLE Bobbie Pankton's grandma had fallen down the well.

Bobbie heard her groaning as he came home from school. He leaned over the side of the well and saw her there. He ran in and reported it to his mother.

"Are you sure?" said that lady.

"Oh, yes, mamma. I saw her myself. And she looked up and asked me to help her out. I am afraid she will catch cold."

Mrs. Pankton's mother was at her wit's end. She hastily consulted her engagement pad to be sure that she had not made a mistake. Yes, she had an engagement for that afternoon to play bridge, and she had only time to get ready. In the emergency she called up her sister Adele, who lived across the way.

"Adele, mother has fallen down the well. I suppose she went out for a walk, and must have gotten thirsty. She probably leaned over too far. I imagine her feet are wet.

Now, unfortunately, I have a bridge party on hand. Could you run over and get her out?"

Adele was one of the accommodating kind, the kind that always promises but never performs.

"I'll do the best I can," she said sweetly.

"I knew you would."

Adele thought for a moment. She, too, was going to the same bridge party that her sister was, although she did not think it wise to tell her.

"I have it!" she exclaimed at last, and rang up the fire department.

"Will you please get my mother out of a well?" she explained. "It is in the rear of the house next to me—Pankton's."

"They are out on a fire now," said the man in charge, "but I will make a memorandum of it."

"Thank you—please don't forget. It is really very important."

When the fireman came back from his work he saw the order and couldn't help but smile.

"We can't go out on a chase like that," he exclaimed. "The insurance company would fine us. Still, I suppose something ought to be done about it. I will call up the village doctor."

The doctor said that he had no appliances on hand for getting an old lady out of a well and, besides, it was against professional etiquette. He would, however, call, so he dropped around at the Pankton's, and, with his best bedside manner on, strolled up to the well.

"Sorry I can't get you out," he said pleasantly, "but have no fear. Since Christian Science has come in we doctors make a rule never to alarm a patient. I assure you you will come out all right in the end. I will leave this prescription and you can send for it."

"Can't you get it filled for me?" cried out the old lady.

"Dear me, no! That isn't my duty. Take a sleeping powder every three hours until you fall asleep. I will call in the morning and see how you are getting along."

On the way out he happened to see the waitress, who was reading one of Thomas Hardy's novels in the library.

"You might give her some chicken broth," he said, "but nothing heartier."

"Chicken broth!" murmured the waitress. "Is that what I get twenty-five dollars a month for—to feed chicken broth to old ladies in wells? I trow not!" and she went on reading.

When Mrs. Pankton got home at six o'clock she was terribly annoyed to think that her mother was still in the well.

"Now, isn't that just like Adele?" she exclaimed. "She assured me that it had been attended to."

At this moment her husband came in and she turned to him.

"Mother is in the well," she said. "She fell in there this morning, taking her walk, and think of it! I have actually been so busy that—"

"Now, don't think I am going to do anything about it," exclaimed Pankton. "I am not a bit mechanical, as you know. I have always made it a rule never to do odd jobs like that. Besides, it's your funeral. You run the household end of it, don't you?"

"Well, can't you give me your advice? Can't you tell me who to send for?"

"Murphy, the contractor, of course. But there's no use doing it now. His men are all union men—"

"I understand," said Mrs. Pankton, petulantly. "I'm not so stupid as you think. Didn't I have the painters in the house the other day? But, in the meantime, what am I to do? We shall have to get an estimate from Murphy, of course, and that will delay mother. You know she helps make up the beds in the morning, and if she isn't here to do it the servants will leave."

"That settles it," said her husband, with a look of extreme annoyance. "Here I come home tired and expect to have a quiet evening all to myself, but now I shall have to go to the club in self defense. I bet you put her in the well, anyway, just to harrass me." And he went off growling to himself.

In the meantime one of the neighbors had dropped in to talk about it.

"I understand that your mother has fallen in the well," she said. "Were you thinking of getting her out?"

"Yes."

"I suppose you realize the danger?"

"How so?"

"In all probability she has typhoid and with all my children living so near I don't think you ought to let me run any risk. At any rate, I shall report it to the Board of Health." And she went off.

It was growing dark, and as you always hear noises more in the night, pretty soon grandma's groans could be distinctly heard. Telephone messages began to come in from near-by houses saying that the Panktons were disturbing the peace. The police department was notified, but they refused to act, as there was no section in the State constitution which dealt with old ladies in wells. The next morning the officer from the Board of Health, the doctor, Murphy the contractor, the chief of police and several neighbors arrived at the same time, but on looking over the ground each refused to act.

Pankton was desperate.

"If this keeps up," he exclaimed, "the price of real estate will begin to depreciate. Why don't you get your mother out of the well, any way? You are a nice sort! I'd do something about it if I were you, just as a matter of pride."

"Don't you worry," said Mrs. Pankton, with a gleam of intelligence in her eye. "Everything will be all right. The trouble with you is that you are in too much of a hurry."

And in spite of the fact that she had never been so busy in her life she sat down and wrote several letters explaining all about it.

These letters started the ball rolling. The *Ladies' Home Journal* came out flatly in favor of grandmother, devoting a page and a half to the subject. "It's high time," said the editor, "that public opinion was stirred up."

The *Woman's Home Companion* followed, publishing some heartrending pictures. Charles Edward Russell was engaged by *Everybody's Magazine* to write the full history of grandmothers who had, in times gone by, fallen into wells. He proved conclusively that graft was at the bottom of it all. The *American Magazine* and *McClure's* both came nobly to the rescue, and then the daily papers took it up. Grandmother, eating her bowl of soup and toast three times a day, provided by popular subscription, with the aid of the Daughters of the Revolution and the Colonial Dames, waited in calmness.

"It is hard," she whispered, "but after all I feel that the public is coming around to my side. I shall be vindicated I firmly believe."

* * * * *

One morning a couple of months later, as Mrs. Pankton started to make up the beds on the upper story, she glanced out of the window and uttered a cry of joy. There were the village doctor, the head of the fire department, the chief of police, the president of the Board of Health and Contractor Murphy, each man with his coat off, triumphantly helping smiling grandma out of the well. In a corner of the yard the village band, hired for the occasion by popular subscription, was playing "My Country 'Tis of Thee."

"There!" she exclaimed exultantly to her husband, "I guess now I shall be able to get my servants back."

"I have always maintained," said her husband, as he nonchalantly skimmed the comic supplement, "that, give the American people time enough, they will always rise to any emergency!"



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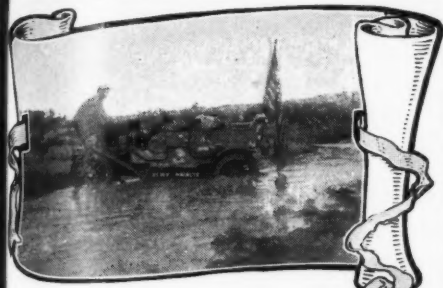
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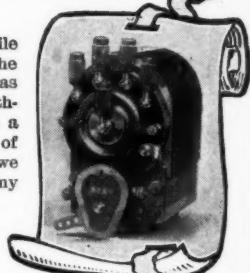
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Regal Car on 4,001 1/4-mile journey. The driver of the car wrote, "Magneto was under water for hours without injury. We attribute a great deal of the success of our trip to the fact that we had no trouble with the Remy Magneto."



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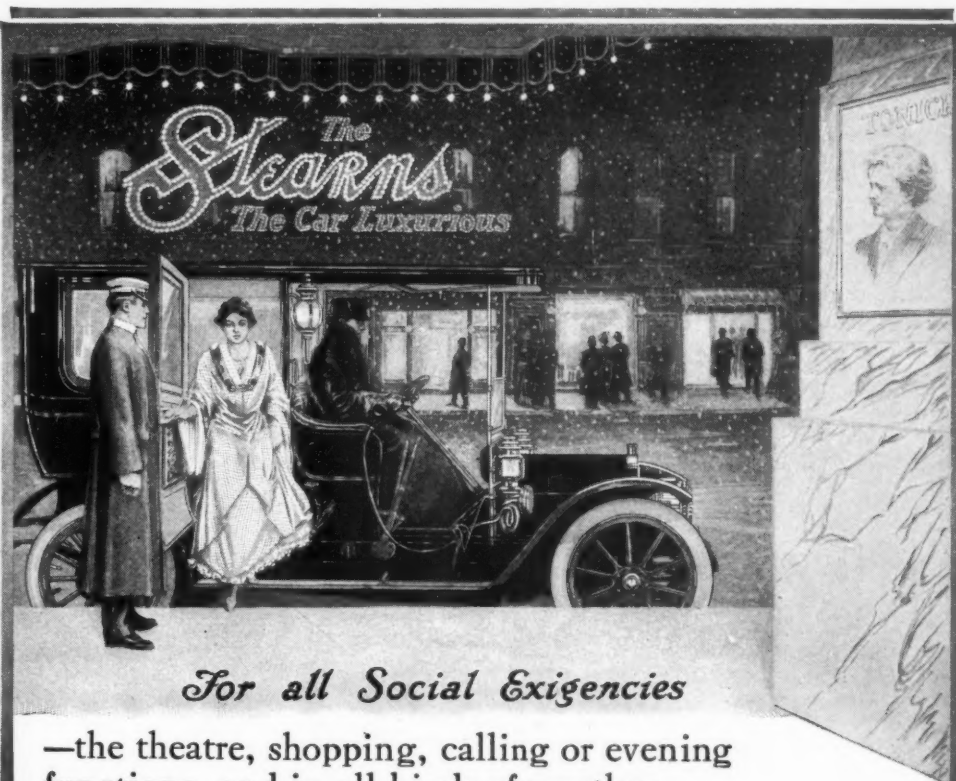
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For all Social Exigencies

—the theatre, shopping, calling or evening functions, and in all kinds of weather.

The Town and Country 15-30 H.P. is "the car luxurious." It is designed and built throughout to embody the fullest degree of richness, refinement, elegance and convenience for town and country use.

Its motor is so quiet and evenly balanced that neither sound nor vibration is noticeable. It is so powerful that every road hill is taken with ease, so flexible and can be turned in so short a space that progress through congested city thoroughfares is made quickly without jerking—silently.

Limousines and landaulets are fitted with electric light, clock, note pad, cigar lighter, speaking tube; the design and finish being the expression of the greatest elegance, luxury and refinement.

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The yearly depreciation of Stearns Motor Cars, as compared with other makes, is very small. This is particularly true of our closed cars, as Stearns Limousines and Landaulets after five years of service are in very good order and in steady daily use.

Stearns cars have more reserve power than any car of like rating of any make—the reserve force in a Stearns engine is what has made Stearns power famous.

We spend extravagantly in the making, where the expenditure adds to the strength

That is why the Stearns costs more than common cars.

But that also is why the Stearns endures.

All Stearns cars are equipped with Continental Demountable Rims.

Therefore the Ultimate

No car is more luxurious or aristocratic. It is mechanically perfect, the sturdiest made, and therefore the ultimate car.

Most Stearns owners have owned other makes. It has seemed natural for them to progress gradually through varying grades of quality until they reached the Stearns—the ultimate of excellence. But once Stearns owners, they have settled down into a contented pride of ownership.

The car shown above is the famous 15-30 H. P. Stearns Limousine Town and Country Car. It can also be had in landaulet, touring car or toy tonneau body.

A more powerful car, of equal quality and luxury, will be found in the 30-60 H. P. chassis.

Licensed under the Selden patent.
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The Mercer is larger than most cars at anywhere near the price. A comparison of its specifications with those of other cars, proves its all-round supremacy. In fact its specifications are equal to any \$2,500 car and are even superior to some cars selling at a still higher price.

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A Model Discourse

The following is a satire on a class of sermons now less frequently heard than formerly:

(Best Things from Best Authors)

"Brethren, the words of my text are:

"Old Mother Hubbard, she went to the cupboard,
To get her poor dog a bone;
But when she got there, the cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none."

"These beautiful words, dear friends, carry with them a solemn lesson. I propose this evening to analyze their meaning, and to attempt to apply it, lofty as it may be, to our every-day life.

"Mother Hubbard, you see, was old; there being no mention of others, we may presume that she was alone—a widow, a friendless, solitary old widow. Yet, did she despair? Did she sit down and weep, or read a novel, or wring her hands? No! She went to the cupboard. And here observe that she went to the cupboard. She went to the cupboard. She did not hop, or skip, or run, or jump, or use any other peripatetic artifice; she solely and merely went to the cupboard. We have seen that she was old and lonely, and we now further see she was poor. For, mark the words are, 'the cupboard,' not 'one of the cupboards,' or 'the right-hand cupboard,' or 'the left-hand cupboard,' or 'the one above,' or 'the one below,' or 'the one under the floor,' but just 'the cupboard,'—the one humble little cupboard the widow possessed. And why did she go to the cupboard? Was it to bring forth golden goblets, or glittering precious stones, or costly apparel, or feasts, or any other attributes to wealth? It was 'to get her poor dog a bone.' Not only was the widow poor, but her dog, the sole prop of her age, was poor also. We can imagine the scene. The poor dog crouching in the corner, looking wistfully at the solitary cupboard, and the widow going to that cupboard in hope, in expectation, may be, to open it, although we are not distinctly told that it was not half-open or ajar—to open it for that poor dog.

"But when she got there, the cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none."

"When she got there! You see, dear brethren, what perseverance is. You see the beauty of persistence in doing right. She got there. There were no turnings and twistings, no slippings and slidings, no leaning to the right or faltering to the left. With glorious simplicity we are told 'she got there.' And how was her noble effort rewarded? 'The cupboard was bare.' It was bare. There were to be found neither apples nor oranges, nor cheese-cakes, nor penny buns, nor ginger bread, nor crackers, nor nuts, nor lucifer matches. The cupboard was bare! Had there been a leg of mutton, a loin of lamb, a fillet of veal, even an ice from Gunter's, the case would have been very different, the incident would have been otherwise. But it was bare, my brethren—bare as a bald head. Many of you will probably say, with all the pride of worldly sophistry, 'The widow, no doubt, went out and bought a dog biscuit.' Ah, no! Far removed from these earthly ideas, these mundane desires, poor Mother Hubbard, the widow, whom many thoughtless worldlings would despise, in that she only owned one cupboard, perceived—or I might even say saw—at once the relentless logic of

(Continued on page 215)

Sparks From Old Anvils

(Continued from page 214)

the situation, and yielded to it with all the heroism of that nature which had enabled her without deviation to reach the barren cupboard. She did not attempt, like the stiff-necked scoffers of this generation, to war against the inevitable; she did not try, like the so-called men of science, to explain what she did not understand. She did nothing. 'The poor dog had none!' and then at this point our information ceases. But do we not know sufficient? Are we not cognizant of enough? Who would dare to pierce the veil that shrouds the ulterior fate of Old Mother Hubbard, her poor dog, the cupboard, or the bone that was not there? Must we imagine her still standing by the open cupboard door, depict to ourselves the dog, still drooping his disappointed tail on the floor, the sought-for bone remaining somewhere else? Ah, no! my brethren, we are not permitted to try and read the future. Suffice it for us to try and glean from this beautiful story its many lessons; suffice it for us to apply them, to study them, as far as in us lies, and bearing in mind the natural frailty of our nature, to avoid being widows, to shun the patronymic of Hubbard, and have, if our means afford it, more than one cupboard in the house; and to keep stores in them all. And oh! dear friends, keeping in recollection what we have learned this day, let us avoid keeping dogs. They are fond of bones. But, brethren, if we do; if fate has ordained we should



The chains which DO prevent skidding absolutely and which CAN'T and WON'T cut the tires

Every motorist admits that the use of chains is absolutely necessary. Every motorist knows of the fatal accidents which constantly occur through the neglect of this simple precaution. You know that you *must* have chains to prevent your skidding—yet you buy chains which only *partially* prevent it and make a serious or even fatal accident still possible. What is the use of that kind of a chain? Why don't you get the kind of a chain which makes skidding absolutely impossible—The Fox?

Fox Anti-Skid Chains Prevent Skidding absolutely. This we guarantee. It is the only chain which *does*. You are SAFE with the Fox—with others you may break your car or your neck.

In tire saving alone Fox Anti-Skid Chains will probably save you well over \$100 a year. It can't and won't cut or bruise the tires and you know best how many shoes you have had ruined by a few miles of driving with chains on.

In the Fox, no edge, no cutting surface of any kind comes against the tire. Nothing except a broad, flat, perfectly smooth metal surface WITHOUT EDGES, touches the tire. The broad, flat

links fit the shoes as harmlessly and as closely as a piece of tire TAPE. Furthermore the Fox WEARS many times longer than any other make.

Fox Chains have proven by actual service of the hardest sort in the hands of private car owners that they wear for over three thousand miles where other chains go to pieces in three hundred miles. They cost a little more than other makes but they will wear many times as long and during their life will save you *several hundred dollars* in tire expense over other chains.

We have a booklet which will tell you more about Fox Chains than a dozen ads. like this. It will tell you also how to save your tires. Cut out the Coupon today, fill out and mail to us—it's valuable and it's free.

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City

My Dealer or Garage is

Dealer's Name

City

Life

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do any one of these things, let us then go, as Mother Hubbard did, straight, without curvetting or prancing, to our cupboard, empty though it be; let us, like her, accept the inevitable with calm steadfastness; and should we, like her, ever be left with a hungry dog and an empty cupboard, may future chroniclers be able to write also of us in the beautiful words of our text: 'And so the poor dog had none.'
ANONYMOUS.

Rapid Transit

In response to a growing demand in his home, Henry Kitchell Webster, author of *The Sky Man*, once went to his father's house, borrowed the family highchair and started taking it home by hand. Not only did he have to wait long for his car, but when it finally came its conductor was a humorist.

"Aren't you pretty big for that chair?" that official ventured.

"Yes," admitted Webster wearily, "I grew up while waiting for the car."

—Success.



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For Lincoln's Birthday

The steadfast soul; the calm, clear brain
that planned
His country's weal; the gentle, rugged
hand
That freed three million slaves by stroke
of pen;
The great, strong heart that held but
love for men;
A memory more sweet, more bright than
Fame—
All these we pledge in pledging Lincoln's
name.

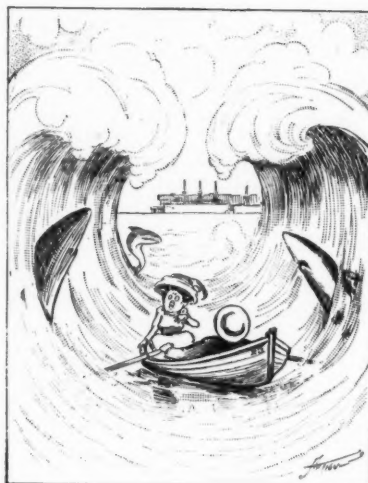
—Arthur Guiterman, in *Good House-keeping*.

It Is Sometimes So

Among applicants for service as a general housemaid in a Pittsburgh family was a raw-boned Irish girl of rather forbidding aspect.

"Do you love children?" asked the mistress of the house, when satisfied that the girl would suit with respect to most requirements.

"Well, mum," responded the Celt, with a grim smile, "that all depends on the wages."—*Sunday Magazine*.



HER FIRST BOAT RIDE

AS SHE RECALLED IT

Women of Letters

They gathered. W.C.T.U.'s,
Of D.A.R.'s no lack;
C.D.'s with fine Colonial airs
And pedigrees 'way back;
And M.D.'s, B.A.'s, Ph.D.'s,
With LL.D.'s a few,
But none, not even Suffragettes,
Could claim an E-s-q!
—*Woman's Home Companion*.

How He Got Even

A traveling man who stutters spent all afternoon in trying to sell a grouchy business man a bill of goods, and was not very successful.

As the salesman was locking up his grip the grouch was impolite enough to observe in the presence of his clerks: "You must find that impediment in your speech very inconvenient at times."

"Oh, n-no," replied the salesman. "Every one has his p-peculiarity. S-stammering is mine. What's y-yours?"

"I'm not aware that I have any," replied the merchant.

"D-do you stir y-your coffee with your r-right hand?" asked the salesman.

"Why, yes, of course," replied the merchant, a bit puzzled.

"W-well," went on the salesman, "t-that's your p-peculiarity. Most people use a t-teaspoon."—*Success*.

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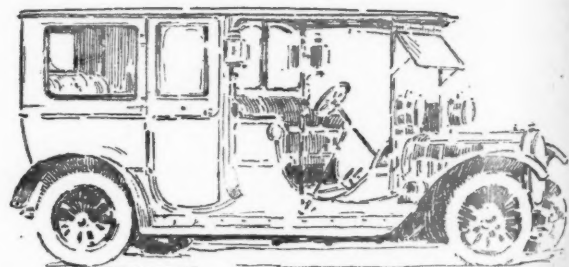
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tell a
lie"—

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Theoretically—"at all dealers." *Actually*—at most of the best stores and clubs.

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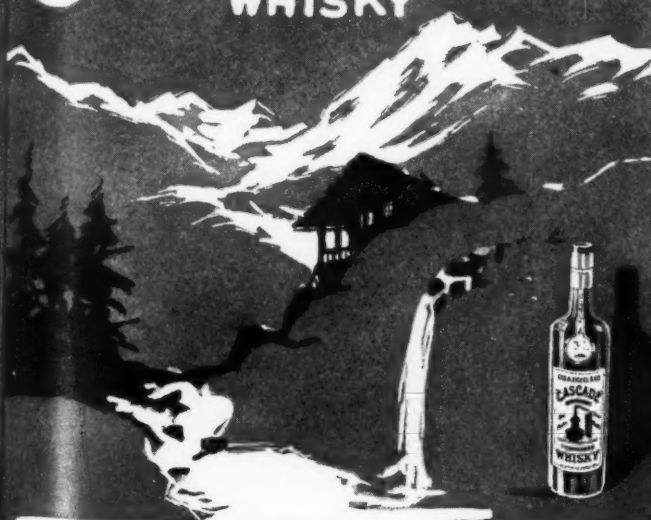
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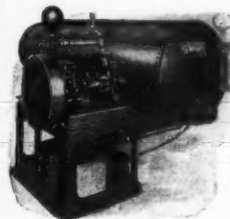
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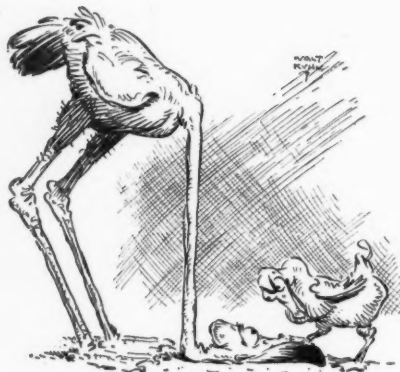
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A Good Name

Whene'er I see a woman's hat
Without a bird upon it,
I think it might, in language pat,
Be called an Audubonnet.

—Boston Transcript.



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An Unknown Language

Secretary Knox, Attorney-General Wickersham and Secretary Nagel, of the Department of Commerce, went out in an automobile together, at Washington, to see the Wright brothers fly.

Wickersham and Nagel sat together in the tonneau, and Knox rode with the driver. When they reached the field and got out Knox said to Nagel: "How did you get along with Wickersham?"

"Fine," replied Nagel, "until he began talking French to me. I don't understand French."

"Why didn't you get even by talking law to Wickersham?" asked Knox.—Saturday Evening Post.

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In Perilous Plight

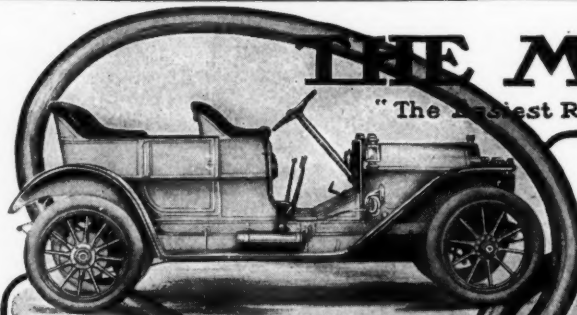
"Oh, dear, I'm afraid I shall soon be the center of a great scandal."

"What's the trouble?"

"I inadvertently slighted a poet yesterday."—Detroit Free Press.

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"The Best Riding Car In The World"



The "Thirty-two," \$2650

32-40 H. P. Weight, 2300 lbs. Complete and highest grade equipment. Option of Suburban (here shown), Touring Car or Roadster.

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Entirely Here

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Few cars endure the tremendous strain of mile-a-minute speed for any great distance, without stopping.

In the Vanderbilt, the Marmon "Thirty-two" won the Wheatley Hills Trophy, going the 100 miles in 100 minutes, without a stop.

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The oft-proved stability of Marmon stock cars in long road and track races, Glidden tours, road endurance contests and private service, is vitally important to the careful buyer. The one car which has demonstrated its stability in both races and road contests. Manufactured (not merely assembled) by one of the world's largest and oldest makers of machinery.



Impudent Interviews

Rudyard Kipling

Well, take a chair; cock your feet
upon the mantelpiece
(Seeing that's your custom in the
"Country of the Free");
Though I've always been averse
My achievements to rehearse,
Yet to ease an Anxious Public I will
tell the tale of ME.

Trained in a school in the dowie dens
of Devonshire,
Joined with wild companions full of
dark iniquity,
I concocted boyish crimes
And composed satiric rhymes
Till my college-mates and pedagogues
were all afraid of ME.

Up came a ship and they bundled me
to India,
There to run a paper like a printer on
a spree;
And I wrote of many things,
Yea, of Cabbages and Kings,
For the Secrets of the Universe are
openwork to ME.

Sang I the wiles of the black or yellow
Aryan,
Brahman or Mohammedan of high or
low degree;
Khoda Baksh and Daoud Shah,
Gunga Din and Dana Da,—
Their polka-dotted consciences were
primers unto ME.

Sang I the ways of the furry-coated
Jungle Folk;
Evenso, the ways of the Best So-
ciety;
But, speaking man to man,
Young Mowgli and his clan
In all the prime essentials seemed the
better crowd to ME.

Sang I the feats of the heavy-footed
soldier-man,
Infantry and horse, but especially of
Three;

(Continued on page 220)



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TO FIT
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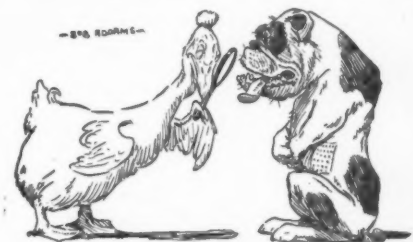
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WILL NEVER GET WELL.

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Burpee's "Seeds that Grow"

Shall we mail you our New Complete Catalog?

W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO., Burpee Building, Philadelphia.

Impudent Interviews

(Continued from page 219)

Oh, my views are often crude,
And my manners mostly rude,
But Stanley, Jock and Terence were
the best of friends with ME.

Far went my fame, and afar I went
to follow it,
Ranged the zones and continents and
roved From Sea to Sea;

And I wrote of all I saw,
And I flicked you on the raw,
But, Masterpiece or Tommyrot, you
bought my books of ME.

Oh, I have whooped for entangled
Jingo politics,
Told of sordid battles and of Britons
up a tree;



Licensed under Selden Patent

PALMER-SINGER SIX-SIXTY
with Gunboat Body \$3,900; 6 cyl., 60 H. P., 65 miles an hour

Palmer-Singer Cars have heretofore been built in small quantities and sold to the select few from our headquarters in New York City and our Branch in Chicago. The demand in these two cities consumed our output.

The Cars We Built

We combined in one make, for the first time, the very best points of construction to be found in the finest foreign and American cars. Our 1908 cars had selective type transmissions with FOUR speeds forward and reverse, with direct drive on 3rd speed, multiple disc clutch, imported ball bearings throughout, drop forged I-beam, nickel steel front axles, four brakes all on the rear wheels—internal expanding, and equalized, Bosch Magneto, etc. How many of the best American cars have ALL of these features to-day? Yet most of the high-priced makes have some of them. Our 1908 cars were so good that the service they give to-day is as good or better than their owners can get by buying a new car of another make.

The Result

Our cars were purchased by men who wanted the best car that money could buy—men who had owned many cars and could find no other make here or abroad which would give them the constructional points, the material, the workmanship of the Palmer-Singer line. We could not build our Four-Thirties (4 cyl., 30 H. P.) and our Six-Sixties (6 cyl., 60 H. P.) fast enough. This demand slowly forced us to increase our output. We have seen other manufacturers adopt points of Palmer-Singer construction, year by year, BUT NO OTHER ONE MAKE HAS THEM ALL.

We want you to know how Palmer-Singer cars are made and what they are made of and their prices. Cut out the coupon, fill out and send to us. It may save you \$2,000 and it will give you a great deal of satisfaction.

Our 1910 Cars

The Palmer-Singer 1910 Models are two years ahead of any other make. There is no desirable point of design or construction in use in motor cars to-day which we have not been using for over two years and refined to the point of perfection. That is why our cars are finer—better—than any others built in this country at any price. We have our own factory in New York City, where the best workmen in the world congregate and where the best materials can be purchased at the lowest price.

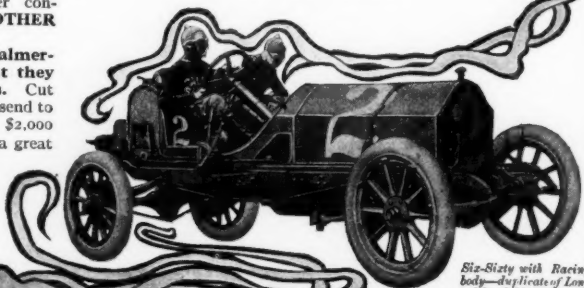
Note the Value We Offer

Do you want extreme speed, tremendous power, an endurance to stand any use and perfect reliability? Our Six-Sixty, 6 cylinders, 60 H. P. sells for \$3,500 with 5 passenger body and you can't buy as much elsewhere by paying \$2,000 more.

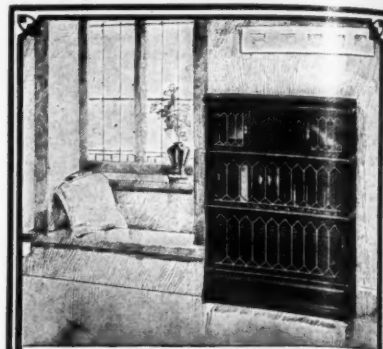
Do you want a light car? Our Four-Thirty (4 cyl., 30 H. P.) is the sweetest, richest, hand-somest, light car made to-day. It sells at \$2,500 with 5 passenger body (baby tonneau). It is very fast and powerful, too, and you can't buy more endurance or reliability by paying \$2,000 more or by paying any price.

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I have bellowed double bass
For the Glory of the Race,
And Ministers and Sovereigns have
taken tips from ME.
Ah, I have twanged of the choo-choo
car and flying-ship,
Imaging my world and the wonder yet
to be;
Electricity and Steam
And the Piston and the Beam
And the Triple-action Whirligig are
Poetry to ME.
Now what remains but to sing the
Song of Calculus,
Logarithmic lullaby and algebraic glee?
I will chant in Lowland Dutch
Of Quaternions and such,
And the boundless Fourth Dimension
shall delight to honor ME!

Arthur Guiterman.

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Ere these words appear in type it is likely that a bill granting a charter to the American Academy of Arts and Letters will have been passed by the National Congress. The membership of this important body, whose aims and organization are chronicled in recent numbers of *The Dial* and *The Outlook*, embraces 45 names more or less celebrated in the fields of painting, sculpture, architecture, music and letters. There are still five vacancies to be filled.

The list is certainly representative in so far as it includes the obviously eligible. Abbey, Sargent, French, Chase, La Farge, Howells, James, Clemens, Muir—these and other names would readily be selected by the average amateur with a nice taste in immortals. Who would balk at Burroughs, Brownell, Bigelow (meaning John, not Poultney)? It gives us a start when we observe that the only playwright in the temple is William Vaughn Moody, until we remember that our only other playwright, Bronson Howard, is dead. The only dramatist! We had almost said the only poet, too; but Mr. Howells and Dr. Van Dyke are here—yes, and Mr. Johnson, and dear Mrs. Howe. The universities are by no means ignored, yet their representation somehow seems incomplete. Ah! we have it. The E's have been overlooked, and the editor of the "Harvard Classics" is

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cooling his heels in the corridor. When it comes to living American historians the amateur's memory will be hazy; the official list may, perhaps, illuminate his ignorance, with some additional help from *Who's Who*. Music? Well, we have two composers. Can you name them? And architecture. It is represented by one name—the name of a modest graduate of the

(Continued on page 222)



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The Literary Zoo

(Continued from page 221)

Beaux Arts. Yes—of course. Of sculptors there is one other besides French. No, it is *not* George Gray Barnard. Heavens, man, have you never strolled through Central Park? No matter. It is enough that Saint-Gaudens has glorified the entrance. We are sorry that Frederic Remington died before he was acclaimed Academician (the Academy was founded

only five years ago). But then we have Hopkinson Smith, who, despite the enervating Italian climate, is said to have turned out 62 water-colors in 65 days, in Venice. It is possible, of course, that Mr. Smith did not go into the Academy with his easel, but on the shoulders of "Col. Carter." Personally we are glad that he has not burned his bridges behind him.

* * * *

As we were saying, only carpers will complain that the roll of membership is not all that it might be. No Academy, to be sure, is quite complete without William James. But who knows? Prof. James may be one of the three men of undeniable distinction who—so Prof. Matthews assures us—declined election "for reasons of their own."

For our own part, we have but one criticism to make, and in this we do not overstep the boundaries of our knowledge. In scrutinizing the list of potential immortals, privately confessing our ignorance of certain biographical details, we have hastily turned to such standard reference works as our modest library affords. Of these we set great store by the Century Dictionary of names, edition of 1904. Feverishly we turn to the M's—for is not Dr. Mabie an Academician? There is a Marjorie Daw, but there is no Mabie. Moses, yes, and Marco Polo, Mamon and Mrs. Malaprop—Manzoni even—but no Mabie. Yet at least there is Matthews (James Brander)—Academician also. But what a bur-

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lesque of brevity! Three lines suffice for the life record of the realistic novelist who wrote "His Father's Son." Of Thomas Hastings, G. W. Chadwick, George E. Woodberry, J. F. Rhodes, H. W. Parker, R. U. Johnson—all Academicians elected by Academicians—there is never a word. Evidently these young men but recently awoke to find themselves famous—some morning, say, since 1903. And so, after all, we are glad. For youth

(Continued on page 223)

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The Literary Zoo

(Continued from page 222)

is immortal, and the Academy—for all its grey-beards—has recognized it.

W. T. L.

Poe's Taste in Poetry

How the fashions do change—not only in women's hats, but in poetry. It might be supposed that poetry, in essence, was always the same; that however vapid the public taste and however susceptible to improvement in the process of the suns, the ripe critical judgment of fifty years ago would be, fundamentally, the critical judgment of to-day. Yet so great a poet and so keen a critic as Edgar Allan Poe was somehow strangely influenced in his poetical appraisements by the taste of his own times. How else are we to account for his extravagant, measured praise of certain contemporary women poets?—particularly his admiration of the verse produced by Estelle Anna Lewis.

These reflections are aroused by an ingenuous communication to *The Times*. Its correspondent, an eminent (New York) collector of rare manuscripts, informed the editor that he had purchased "an autograph manuscript poem of Poe's," but that he could not find the poem in his edition of Poe's works. He enclosed a copy. If you saw these opening lines, O highly intelligent reader, schooled as



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you are in the academy of the Zoo, would you attribute them to Poe?:

"When lying on my clayey bed,
In icy sleep,
Who there, by pure affection led,
Will come and weep—"

Just read aloud those two lines:

"When lying on my clayey bed,
In icy sleep,"

and if the combination of vowel sounds does not set your teeth on edge we shall undertake to mail you, postage prepaid, a complete edition of Euphemia Hemans Simpson's poetical works.

* * * *

The poem, of course, is not Poe's, but he esteemed it so highly that he

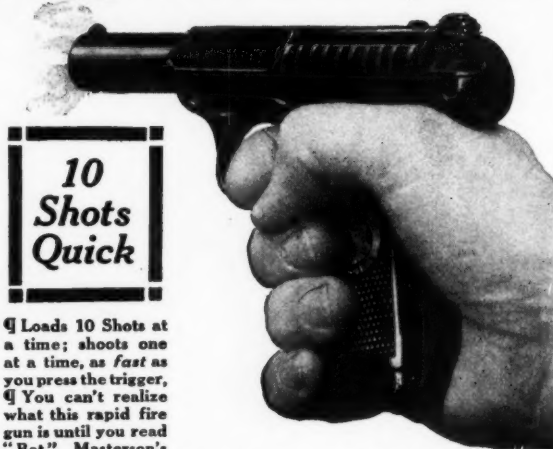
(Continued on page 224)

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¶ Suppose your wife, mother or sister, left alone in the house, should wake up to-night and find a burglar in her room. What would she do? Suppose she were left alone and a tramp, drunk or vicious person should come to the house and attack her. What could she do by way of resistance?

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HARPER & BROTHERS

The Literary Zoo

(Continued from page 223)

copied it in full. Among his critical essays you will find one devoted to its author, Estelle Anna Lewis (1824-1880). We have it on Poe's authority that Mrs. Lewis was "perhaps the best educated, if not the most accomplished of American authoresses"; that she was "enthusiastic in her admiration of beauty and virtue." Moreover, she had "auburn hair, naturally curling, and expressive eyes of dark hazel." Yet somehow the spell is broke. Her poem entitled "To a Whip-Poor-Will Singing in a Graveyard" moves us not. Her "Lines on Some Violets, Left on My Desk While I Was at a Funeral," do not fulfill the expectations aroused by the title. Mr. Stedman saw fit to ignore her in compiling his amiable "American Anthology." You will not find her name in Bryant's or in Dana's standard collection. Yet Poe characterized "The Forsaken" (the poem from which we have quoted) as "the most beautiful ballad of its kind ever written." On the extraordinary merits of one quatrain he laid especial stress:

"Could I but know when I am sleeping
Low in the ground,
One faithful heart would there be keeping
Watch all night round."

An effective quatrain, especially if one has not happened to read certain verses by William Motherwell, who died when Mrs. Lewis was 11 years old. Poe apparently had not, else he might have been more lenient with

(Continued on page 225)

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The Literary Zoo

(Continued from page 224)

"Mr. Longfellow and other plagiarists." "The initial trochee here," he remarks, "in each instance, substituted for the iambus, produces, so naturally as to seem accidental, a very effective echo of sound to sense."

A very effective echo of sound to sense! What mocking devil jogged Poe's elbow to write that phrase? A century earlier, in "The Idler," Dr. Samuel Johnson, no longer lumbering in style, penned a satirical essay that is still delightful reading. Of Dick Minim—that "inimitably commonplace critic"—he wrote:

"He is particularly delighted when he finds the sound an echo to the sense."

"Honor is like the glassy bubble,
Which cost philosophers such trouble;
Where, one part crack'd, the whole does fly,
And wits are crack'd to find out why."

"It is impossible to utter the (first) two lines emphatically," says Minim, "without an act like that which they describe; *Bubble and Trouble* causing a momentary inflation of the cheeks by the retention of the breath, which is afterwards forcibly emitted, as in the practice of blowing bubbles. But the greatest excellence is in the third line, which is *crack'd* in the middle to express a crack, and then shivers into monosyllables."

Poe, we have ventured to say, was a "keen critic." Yet the value of his criticism is debatable. It has, indeed, been the subject of debate, so to speak, by Mr. Henry James and another literary expert, Mr. Mabie. That is to say, Mr. James, unconscious, perhaps, that Mr. Mabie held certain pronounced views, has remarked that Poe's collection of critical sketches "is probably the most complete and exquisite specimen of provincialism ever prepared for the edification of men." Mr. Mabie, on the other hand, is or was of the opinion that "by critical intention, therefore, as well as by



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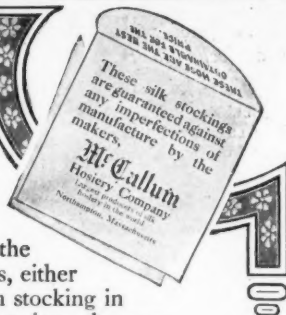
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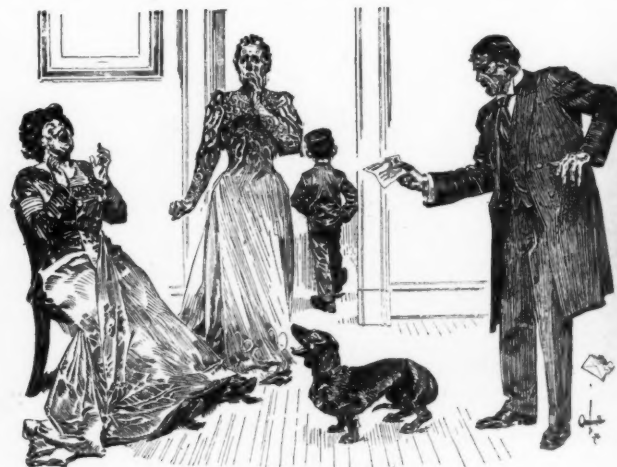


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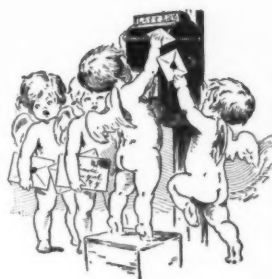
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